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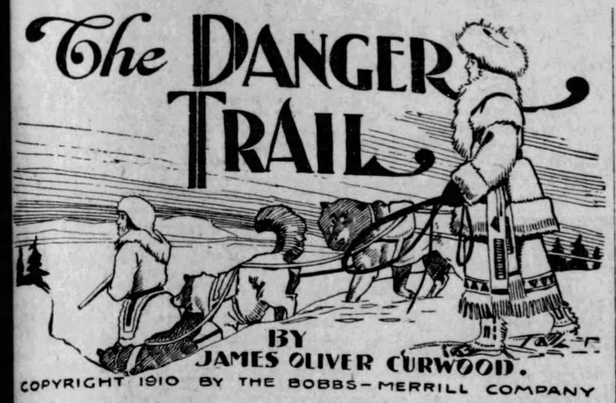
The DANGER TRAIL



BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

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CHAPTER III.

The Mysterious Attack.

Howland was glad that for a time there was an excuse for his silence. It began to dawn on him that—this was an extraordinary adventure for a man on whose shoulders rested the responsibilities of one of the greatest engineering tasks on the continent, and who was due to take a train for the east of his operations at eight o'clock in the morning. Inwardly he was experiencing some strange emotions; outwardly he smiled as he thought of what Van Horn would say if he knew the circumstances. He looked down at his companion; saw the sheen of her hair as it rippled out from under her fur turban, studied the soft contour of her cheek and chin, without himself being observed, and noticed, incidentally, that the top of the bewitching head beside him came just about to a level with his cigar which he was smoking. He wondered if he were making a fool of himself. If so, he assured himself that there was at least one compensation. This night in Prince Albert would not be so uninteresting as it had promised to be earlier in the evening.

Where the river ferry was half drawn up on the shore, its stern frozen in the ice, he paused and looked down at the girl in quiet surprise. She nodded, smiling, and motioned across the river. "I was over there once tonight," said Howland aloud. "Didn't see any houses and heard nothing but wolves. Is that where we're going?"

Her white teeth gleamed at him and he was conscious of a warm pressure against his arm as the girl signified that they were to cross. His perplexity increased. On the farther shore the forest came down to the river's edge in a black wall of spruce and balsam. Beyond that edge of the wilderness he knew that no part of Prince Albert intruded. It was possible that across from them was a settler's cabin, and if this were so, and the girl was going to it, why had she told him that she was a stranger in the town? And why had she come to him for the assistance she promised to request of him instead of seeking it of those whom she knew?

He asked himself these questions without putting them in words, and not until they were climbing up the frozen bank of the stream, with the shadows of the forest growing deeper about them, did he speak again.

"You told me you were a stranger," he said, stopping his companion where the light of the stars fell on the face which she turned up to him. She smiled and nodded affirmatively.

"You seem pretty well acquainted over here," he persisted. "Where are we going?"

This time she responded with an emphatic negative shake of her head, at the same time pointing with her free hand to the well-defined trail that wound up from the ferry landing into the forest. Earlier in the day Howland had been told that this was the Great North Trail that led into the vast wilderness beyond the Saskatchewan. Two days before, the factor from Lac Bain, the Chippewayan and the Crees had come in over it. Its hard crust bore the marks of the sledges of Jean Croisset and the men from the Lac la Ronge country. Since the big snow, which had fallen four feet deep ten days before, a forest man had now and then used this trail on his way down to the edge of civilization; but none from Prince Albert had traveled it in the other direction. Howland had been told this at the hotel, and he shrugged his shoulders in candid bewilderment as he stared down into the girl's face. She seemed to understand his thoughts, and again her mouth sounded itself into that bewitching red which gave to her face an expression of tender entreaty, of pathetic grief that the soft lips were powerless to voice the words which she wished to speak. Then, suddenly she darted a few steps from Howland and with the toe of her shoe formed a single word on the surface of the snow. She rested her hand lightly on Howland's shoulder as he bent over to make it out in the intensive starlight.

"Camp!" he cried, straightening himself. "Do you mean to say you're camping out here?"

She nodded again and again, delighted that he understood her. There was something so childishly sweet in her face, in the gladness of her eyes, that Howland stretched out both his hands to her, laughing aloud. "You!" he exclaimed. "You—camping out here!"

With a quick little movement she came to him, still laughing with her eyes and face, and for an instant he held both her hands tight in his own. Her lovely face was dangerously near to him. He felt the touch of her breath on his face, for an instant caught the sweet scent of her hair. Never had he seen eyes like those that glowed up at him softly, filled with the gentle starlight; never in his life had he dreamed of a face like this, so near to him that it sent the blood leaping through his veins in strange excitement. He held the hands tighter, and the movement drew the girl closer to him, until for no more than a breath he felt her against his breast. In that moment he forgot all sense of time and place; forgot his old self as Jack Howland—practical, unromantic master-builder of railroads; forgot everything but this presence of a girl, the warm pressure against his breast, the lure of the great brown eyes that had come so unexpectedly into his life. In another moment he had recovered himself. He drew a step back, freeing the girl's hands.

"I beg your pardon," he said softly. His cheeks burned hotly at what he had done, and turning squarely about he strode up the trail. He had not taken a dozen paces, when far ahead of him he saw the red glow of fire. Then a hand caught his arm, clutching it almost fiercely, and he turned to meet the girl's face, white now with a strange terror.

"What is it?" he cried. "Tell me—"

He caught her hands again, startled by the look in her eyes. Quickly she pulled herself away. A dozen feet behind her, in the thick shadows of the forest trees, something took shape and movement. In a flash Howland saw a huge form leap from the gloom and caught the gleam of an uplifted knife. There was no time for him to leap aside, no time for him to reach for the revolver which he carried in his pocket. In such a crisis one's actions are involuntary, machine-like, as if life, hovering by a thread, preserves itself in its own manner and without thought or reasoning on the part of the creature it animates.

For an instant Howland neither thought nor reasoned. Had he done so he would probably have met his mysterious assailant, pitting his naked fists against the knife. But the very mainspring of his existence—which is self-preservation—called on him to do otherwise. Before the startled cry on his lips found utterance he flung himself face downward in the snow. The move saved him, and as the other stumbled over his body, pitching headlong into the trail, he snatched forth his revolver. Before he could fire there came a roar like that of a beast from behind him and a terrific blow fell on his head. Under the weight of a second assailant he was crushed to the snow, his pistol slipped from his grasp, and two great hands choked a despairing cry from his throat. He saw a face over him, distorted with passion, a huge neck, eyes that flamed like angry garnets. He struggled to free his pinioned arms, to wrench off the death-grip at his throat, but his efforts were like those of a child against a giant. In a last terrible attempt he drew up his knees inch by inch under the weight of his enemy; it was his only chance, his only hope. Even as he felt the fingers about his throat, sinking like hot iron into his flesh, and the breath slipping from his body, he remembered this murderous knee-punch taught to him by the rough fighters of the Inland Seas, and with all the life that remained in him he sent it crushing into the other's abdomen. It was a moment before he knew that it had been successful, before the film cleared from his eyes and he saw his assailant groveling in the snow. He rose to his feet, dazed and staggering from the effect of the blow on his head and the murderous grip at his throat. Half a pistol shot down the trail he saw indistinctly the twisting of black objects in the snow, and as he stared one of the objects came toward him.

"Do not fire, M'seur Howland," he heard a voice call. "It ees I—Jean Croisett, a friend! Blessed Saints, that was—what you call heem?—close call?"

The half-breed's thin dark face came up smiling out of the white gloom. For a moment Howland did not see him, scarcely heard his words. Wildly he looked about for the girl. She was gone.

"I happened here—just in time—with a club," continued Croisett. "Come, we must go."

The smile had gone from his face and there was a commanding firmness in the grip that fell on the young engineer's arm. Howland was conscious that things were twisting about him and that there was a strange weakness in his limbs. Dumbly he raised his hands to his head, which hurt him until he felt as if he must cry out in his pain.

"The girl—" he gasped weakly.

Croisset's arm tightened about his waist.

"She ees gone!" Howland heard him say; and there was something in the half-breed's low voice that caused him to turn unquestioningly and stagger along beside him in the direction of the Prince Albert.

And yet as he went, only half-conscious of what he was doing, and leaning more and more heavily on his companion, he knew that it was more than the girl's disappearance that he wanted to understand. For as the blow had fallen on his head he was sure that he heard a woman's scream; and as he lay in the snow, dazed and choking, spending his last effort in his struggle for life, there had come to him, as if from an infinite distance, a woman's voice, and the words that it had uttered pounded in his tortured brain now as his head dropped weakly against Croisset's shoulder.

"Mon Dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

He tried to repeat them aloud, but his voice sounded only in an incoherent murmur. Where the forest came down to the edge of the river the half-breed stopped.

"I must carry you, M'seur Howland," he said; and as he staggered out on the ice with his inanimate burden, he spoke softly to himself, "The saints preserve me, but what would the sweet Meleese say if she knew that Jean Croisset had come so near to losing the life of this M'seur le engineer? Ce monde est plein de fous!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Warning.

In only a subconscious sort of way was Howland cognizant of anything more that happened that night. When he came back into a full sense of his existence he found himself in his bed at the hotel. A lamp was burning low on the table. A glance showed him that the room was empty. He raised his head and shoulders from the pillows on which they were resting and the movement helped to bring him at once into a realization of what had happened. He was hurt. There was a dull, aching pain in his head and neck and when he raised an inquiring hand it came in contact with a thick bandage. He wondered if he were badly hurt and sank back again on the pillows, lying with his eyes staring at the faint glow of the lamp. Soon there came a sound at the door and he twisted his head, grimacing with the pain it caused him. Jean was looking in at him.

"Ah, M'seur ees awake!" he said, seeing the wide-open eyes. He came in softly, closing the door behind him. "Mon Dieu, but if it had been a heavier club by the weight of a pound you would have gone into the blessed hereafter," he smiled, approaching with noiseless tread. He held a glass of water to Howland's lips.

"Is it bad, Croisset?"

"So bad that you will be in bed for a day or so, M'seur. That is all."

"Impossible!" cried the young engineer. "I must take the eight o'clock train in the morning. I must be in Le Pas—"

"It is five o'clock now," interrupted Jean softly. "Do you feel like going?"

Howland straightened himself and fell back suddenly with a sharp cry.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. After a moment he added, "There will be no other train for two days." As he raised a hand to his aching head, his other closed tightly about Jean's little brown fingers. "I want to thank you for what you did, Croisett. I don't know what happened. I don't know who they were or why they tried to kill me. There was a girl—I was going with her—"

He dropped his hand in time to see the strange fire that had leaped into the half-breed's eyes. In astonishment he half lifted himself again, his white face questioning Croisett.

"Do you know?" he whispered eagerly. "Who was she? Why did they attempt to kill me?"

The questions shot from him excitedly, and he knew from what he saw in the other's face that Croisett could have answered them. Yet from the thin tense lips above him there came no response. With a quick movement the half-breed drew away his hand and moved toward the door. Half way he paused and turned.

"M'seur, I have come to you with a warning. Do not go to Le Pas. Do not go to the big railroad camp on the Wekusko. Return into the South." For an instant he leaned forward, his black eyes flashing, his hands clenched tightly at his sides. "Perhaps you will understand," he cried tensely, "when I tell you this marning is sent to you—by the little Meleese!"

Before Howland could recover from his surprise Croisett had passed swiftly through the door. The engineer called his name, but there came no response other than the rapidly retreating sound of the Northerner's moccasined feet. With a grumble of vexation he sank on his pillows. The fresh excitement had set his head in a whirl and a feverish heat mounted into his face. For a long time he lay with his eyes closed, trying to clear for himself the mystery of the preceding night. The one thought which obsessed him was that he had been duped. His lovely acquaintance of the preceding evening had ensnared him completely with her gentle smile and her winsome mouth, and he gritted his teeth grimly as he reflected how easy he had been. Deliberately she had lured him into the ambush which would have proved fatal for him had it not been for Jean Croisett. And she was not a mute! He had heard her voice; when that death-grip was tightest about his throat there had come to him that terrified cry: "Mon Dieu, you are killing him—killing him!"

His breath came a little faster as he whispered the words to himself. They appealed to him now with a significance which he had not understood at first. He was sure that in that cry there had been real terror; almost, he fancied, as he lay with his eyes shut tight, that he could still hear the shrill note of despair in the voice. The more he tried to reason the situation, the more inexplicable grew the mystery of it all. If the girl had calmly led him into the ambush, why, in the last moment, when success seemed about to crown her duplicity, had she cried out in that agony of terror? In Howland's heated brain there came suddenly a vision of her as she stood beside him in the white trail; he felt again the thrill of her hands, the touch of her breast for a moment against his own; saw the gentle look that had come into her deep, pure eyes; the pathetic tremor of the lips which seemed bravely striving to speak to him. Was it possible that face and eyes like those could have led him into a death-trap! Despite the evidence of what had happened he found himself filled with doubt. And yet, after all, she had lied to him—for she was not a mute!

He turned over with a groan and watched the door. When Croisett returned he would insist on knowing more about the strange occurrence, for he was sure that the half-breed could clear away at least a part of the mystery. Vainly, as he watched and waited, he racked his mind to find some reason for the murderous attack on himself. Who was "the little Meleese," whom Croisett declared had sent the warning? So far as he could remember he had never known a person by that name. And yet the half-breed had uttered it as though it would carry a vital meaning to him. "Perhaps you will understand," he had said, and Howland strove to understand, until his brain grew dizzy and a nauseous sickness overcame him.

The first light of the day was falling faintly through the window when footsteps sounded outside the door again. It was not Croisset who appeared this time, but the proprietor himself, bearing with him a tray on which there was toast and a steaming pot of coffee. He nodded and smiled as he saw Howland half sitting up.

"Bad fall you had," he greeted, drawing a small table close beside the bed. "This snow is treacherous when you're climbing among the rocks. When it caves in with you on the side of a mountain you might as well make up your mind you're going to get a good bump. Good thing Croisset was with you!"

For a few moments Howland was speechless.

"Yes—it—was—a—bad—fall," he replied at last, looking sharply at the other. "Where is Croisset?"

"Gone. He left an hour ago with his dogs. Funny fellow—that Croisset! Came in yesterday from the Lac la Ronge country a hundred miles north, goes back today. No apparent reason for his coming, none for his going, that I can see."

"Do you know anything about him?" asked Howland a little eagerly.

"No. He comes in about once or twice a year."

The young engineer munched his toast and drank his coffee for some moments in silence. Then, casually, he asked,

"Did you ever hear of a person by the name of Meleese?"

"Meleese—Meleese—Meles—" repeated the hotel man, running a hand through his hair. "It seems to me that the name is familiar—and yet I can't remember—" He caught himself in sudden triumph. "Ah, I have it! Two years ago I had a kitchen woman named Meleese."

Howland shrugged his shoulders.

"This was a young woman,' he said.

"The Meleese we had is dead," replied the proprietor cheerfully, rising to go. "I'll send up for your tray in half an hour or so, Mr. Howland."

Several hours later Howland crawled from his bed and bathed his head in cold water. After that he felt better, dressed himself, and went below. His head pained him considerably, but beyond that and an occasional nauseous sensation the injury he had received in the fight caused him no very great distress. He went in to dinner and by the middle of the afternoon was so much improved that he lighted his first cigar and ventured out into the bracing air for a short walk. At first it occurred to him that he might make inquiries at the Chinese restaurant regarding the identity of the girl whom he had met there, but he quickly changed his mind, and crossing the river he followed the trail which they had taken the preceding night. For a few moments he contemplated the marks of the conflict in the snow. Where he had first seen the half-breed there were blotches of blood on the crust.

"Good for Croisset!" Howland muttered; "good for Croisset. It looks as though he used a knife."

He could see where the wounded man had dragged himself up the trail, finally staggering to his feet, and with a caution which he had not exercised a few hours before Howland continued slowly between the thick forest walls, one hand clutching the butt of the revolver in his coat pocket. Where the trail twisted abruptly into the north he found the charred remains of a camp-fire in a small open, and just beyond it a number of birch toggles, which had undoubtedly been used in place of tent-stakes. With the toe of his boot he kicked among the ashes and half-burned bits of woods. There was no sign of smoke, not a living spark to give evidence that human presence had been there for many hours. There was but one conclusion to make; soon after their unsuccessful attempt on his life his strange assailants had broken camp and fled. With them, in all probability, had gone the girl whose soft eyes and sweet face had lured him within their reach.

But where had they gone?

Carefully he examined the abandoned camp. In the hard crust were the imprints of dogs' claws. In several places he found the faint, broad impression made by a toboggan. The marks at least cleared away the mystery of their disappearance. Sometime during the night they had fled by dog-sledge into the North.

He was tired when he returned to the hotel and it was rather with a sense of disappointment than pleasure that he learned the work-train was to leave for Le Pas late that night instead of the next day. After a quiet hour's rest in his room, however, his old enthusiasm returned to him. He found himself feverishly anxious to reach Le Pas and the big camp on the Wekusko. Croisset's warning for him to turn back into the South, instead of deterring him, urged him on. He was born a fighter. It was by fighting that he had forced his way round by round up the ladder of success. And now the fact that his life was in danger, that some mysterious peril awaited him in the depths of the wilderness, but added a new and thrilling fascination to the tremendous task which was ahead of him. He wondered if this same peril had beset Gregson and Thorne, and if it was the cause of their failure, of their anxiety to return to civilization. He assured himself that he would know when he met them at Le Pas. He would discover more when he became a part of the camp on the Wekusko; that is, if the half-breed's warning held any significance at all, and he believed that it did. Anyway, he would prepare for developments. So he went to a gun-shop, bought a long-barreled six-shooter and a holster, and added to it a hunting-knife like that he had seen carried by Croisset.

It was near midnight when he boarded the work-train and dawn was just beginning to break over the wilderness when it stopped at Etomami, from which point he was to travel by hand-car over the sixty miles of new road that had been constructed as far north as Le Pas. For three days the car had been waiting for the new chief of the road, but neither Gregson nor Thorne was with it.

"Mr. Gregson is waiting for you at Le Pas," said one of the men who had come with it. "Thorne is at Wekusko."

For the first time in his life Howland now plunged into the heart of the wilderness, and as mile after mile slipped behind them and he sped deeper into the peopleless desolation of ice and snow and forest his blood leaped in swift excitement, in the new joy of life which he was finding up here under the far northern skies. Seated on the front of the car, with the four men pumping behind him, he drank in the wild beauties of the forests and swamps through which they slipped, his eyes constantly on the alert for signs of the big game which his companions told him was on all sides of them.

Everywhere about them lay white winter. The rocks, the trees, and the great ridges, which in this north country are called mountains, were covered with four feet of snow and on it the sun shone with dazzling brilliancy. But it was not until a long grade brought them to the top of one of these ridges and Howland looked into the north that he saw the wilderness in all of its grandeur. As the car stopped he sprang to his feet with a joyous cry, his face aflame with what he saw ahead of him. Stretching away under his eyes, mile after mile, was the vast white desolation that reached to Hudson Bay. In speechless wonder he gazed down on the unblazed forests, saw plains and hills unfold themselves as his vision gained distance, followed a frozen river until it was lost in the bewildering picture, and let his eyes rest here and there on the glistening, snow-smothered bosoms of lakes, rimmed in by walls of black forest. This was not the wilderness as he had expected it to be, nor as he had often read of it in books. It was not the wilderness that Gregson and Thorne had described in their letters. It was beautiful! It was magnificent! His heart throbbed with pleasure as he gazed down on it, the flush grew deeper in his face, and he seemed hardly to breathe in his tense interest.

One of the four on the car was an old Indian and it was he, strangely enough, who broke the silence. He had seen the look in Howland's face, and he spoke softly, close to his ear, "Twent' t'ousand moose down there—twent' t'ousand caribou-oo! No man—no house—more twent' t'ousand miles!"

Howland, even quivering in his new emotion, looked into the old warrior's eyes, filled with the curious, thrilling gleam of the spirit which was stirring within himself. Then again he stared straight out into the unending distance as though his vision would penetrate far beyond the last of that visible desolation—on and on, even to the grim and uttermost fastnesses of Hudson Bay; and as he looked he knew that in these moments there had been born in him a new spirit, a new being; that no longer was he the old Jack Howland whose world had been confined by office walls and into whose conception of life there had seldom entered things other than those which led directly toward the achievement of his ambitions.

The short northern day was nearing an end when once more they saw the broad Saskatchewan twisting through a plain below them, and on its southern shore the few log buildings of Le Pas hemmed in on three sides by the black forests of balsam and spruce. Lights were burning in the cabins and in the Hudson Bay Post's store when the car was brought to a halt half a hundred paces from a squat, log-built structure, which was more brilliantly illuminated than any of the others.

"That's the hotel," said one of the men. "Gregson's there."

A tall, fur-clad figure hurried forth to meet Howland as he walked briskly across the open. It was Gregson. As the two men gripped hands the young engineer stared at the other in astonishment. This was not the Gregson he had known in the Chicago office, round-faced, full of life, as active as a cricket.

"Never so glad to see anyone in my life, Howland!" he cried, shaking the other's hand again and again. "Another month and I'd be dead. Isn't this a hell of a country?"

"I'm falling in love with it at every breath, Gregson. What's the matter? Have you been sick?"

Gregson laughed as they turned toward the lighted building. It was a short, nervous laugh, and with it he gave a curious sidewise glance at his companion's face.

"Sick?—yes, sick of the job! If the old man hadn't sent us relief Thorne and I would have thrown up the whole thing in another four weeks. I'll warrant you'll get your everlasting fill of log shanties and half-breeds and moose meat and this infernal snow and ice before spring comes. But I don't want to discourage you."

"Can't discourage me!" laughed Howland cheerfully. "You know I never cared much for theatres and girls," he added slyly, giving Gregson a good-natured nudge. "How about 'em up here?"

"Nothing—not a cursed thing." Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "By George, Howland, but I did see the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on today! I'd give a box of pure Havanas—and we haven't had one for a month!—if I could know who she is!"

They had entered through the low door of the log boarding-house and Gregson was throwing off his heavy coat.

"A tall girl, with a fur hat and muff?" queried Howland eagerly.

"Nothing of the sort. She was a typical Northerner if there ever was one—straight as a birch, dressed in fur cap and coat, short caribou skin skirt and moccasins, and with a braid hanging down her back as long as my arm. Lord, but she was pretty!"

"Isn't there a girl somewhere up around our camp named Meleese?" asked Howland casually.

"Never heard of her," said Gregson.

"Or a man named Croisett?"

"Never heard of him."

"The deuce, but you're interesting," laughed the young engineer, sniffing at the odors of cooking supper. "I'm as hungry as a bear!"

From outside there came the sharp cracking of a sledge-driver's whip and Gregson went to one of the small windows looking out upon the clearing. In another instant he sprang toward the door, crying out to Howland.

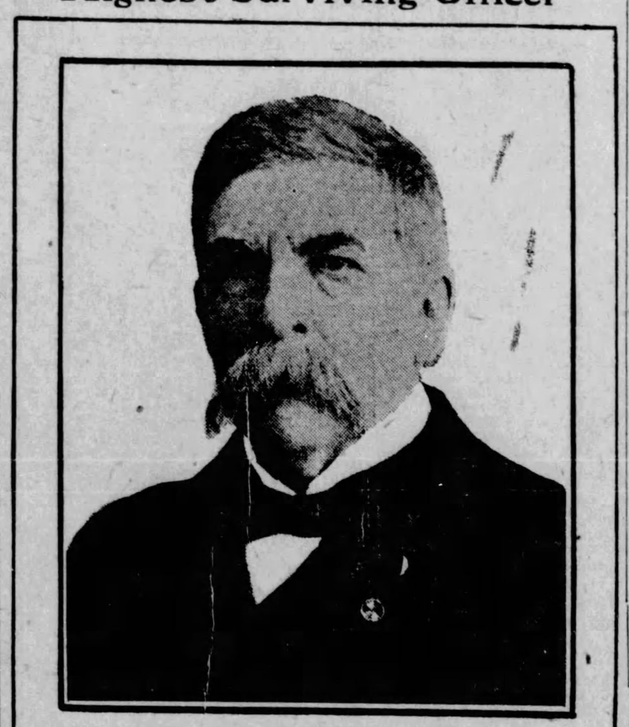
"By the god of love, there she is, old man! Quick, if you want to get a glimpse of her!"

He flung the door open and Howland hurried to his side. There came another crack of the whip, a loud shout, and a sledge drawn by six dogs sped past them into the gathering gloom of the early night.

From Howland's lips, too, there fell a sudden cry; for one of the two faces that were turned toward him for an instant was that of Croisset, and the other—white and staring as he had seen it that first night in Prince Albert—was the face of the beautiful girl who had lured him into the ambush on the Great North Trail!

(To be continued.)

Highest Surviving Officer



GENERAL GREENVILLE M. DODGE, WHO IS THE RANKING OFFICER AMONG THE SURVIVORS OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

PIGEON THRIVES ON MUSIC

Chicago Tribune.

Here's a pigeon that loves piano music. The bird is known as Blue Eye and hangs around the fire station at the corner of Washington street and Michigan avenue. Several weeks ago a boy shied a stick at Blue Eye and broke his wing. Jim Galvin gathered up the wounded bird and converted a portion of the station sitting room into a bird hospital ward.

In this same sitting room is a piano and when nothing else is doing Tom Scanlon pounds it for the benefit of the other inmates of the station. As convalescence progressed Blue Eye was discontented unless one helped him up on top of the instrument, where he would strut back and forth marching in time with the melody.

Later the bird recovered and one day flew away. The next evening Scanlon was seated at the piano playing his star piece, The Fifth Nocturne, by Leybach. The melody had been flowing out the window toward the lake no more than five minutes when in on the breeze came Blue Eye. He alighted on the piano and remained until the music ceased. This performance has been repeated several times since.

Wilbur Wright on Aviators.

New York Press.

Wilbur Wright, at the Asbury park aviation meeting, said of risky aviators: "These daredevils ought to be hurt a little now and then. It teaches them a lesson. Otherwise they have too much faith in their luck. Their faith becomes as ridiculous as that of Hiram Bucktoss, of West Carrolton.

"Hiram Bucktoss, a West Carrolton farmer, used to come in to Dayton every Saturday afternoon to shop, and the boys at the feed store would take many a rise out of him on account of his faith. He'd believe anything—accede to the tallest propositions. One Saturday, to see if he couldn't shatter Hiram's proverbial faith, a Dayton wit said:

"Speakin' of buffaloes, Mr. Bucktoss, did I ever tell you that when I was out west I seen a buffalo up a tree eatin' apples?

"'Indeed,' said Hiram. He didn't even look a bit startled, but only interested and pleased. 'Indeed!'

"'That's what I said,' repeated the wit. 'Why, Mr. Bucktoss, didn't you never see no buffaloes up trees?'

"'No,' faltered Hiram. 'No, I can't say I ever did.' Then he brightened up. 'But I've often hearn,' he added, 'how very fond they are of grapes.'"

Seven Sentence Sermons.

Every violation of truth is a stab of the health of human society.—Emerson.

The capacity to pray is not always in our power, but in the eye of God the desire to pray is prayer.—Lessing.

He conquers who awaits the end,
And dares to suffer and be strong.
—Lewis Morris.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

If men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
—Hannah More.

CITIES AND COUNTRIES

IN this year of census taking, the world is unable to overlook the curious differences between cities and the countries in which they are situated, in point of size—both area and population. In many instances there is no similarity. They do not fit at all.

The largest city in the world is the capital of the greatest empire, in respect to area and population alike—unless China is underestimated by the majority of the best authorities—but London stands on an island of no great size, and the 300,000,000 British subjects in India contribute only indirectly, and not to any vital extent, to the growth of the enormous British metropolis.

And Russia, with the second empire of the earth, in respect to area, and the third in population, has no city which can claim a rank higher than sixth place. If Canton and Peking are as populous as some authorities believe them to be either or both of them may crowd St. Petersburg down into the eighth position among the great cities of the world.

The largest city in Asia and the fourth on the earth, as nearly as can be determined before the census tasks of the year shall have been finished, is Tokyo, capital of the island empire of Japan. China is nearly ten times as populous as Japan, and in area the difference is much greater, but no one believes that any Chinese city is as big as the Japanese metropolis.

In the entire southern hemisphere the largest city is Buenos Ayres, the capital of a country which contains not more than 6,000,000 or possibly 6,500,000 inhabitants. The Argentine capital is larger than any city in India, where 300,000,000 people live. It outclasses any city in Spain, with 19,000,000 or more, or in Brazil, with about 20,000,000 inhabitants. There is no city so large in Hungary or in the Turkish empire. Italy, with about 35,000,000 people, cannot show any two cities which are equal, taken together, to the 1,200,000 residents of the great portion of the La Plata.

Belgium has a bigger city than the largest in Portugal. Holland, a little less diminutive than Belgium in area, but smaller in population, has a larger city than any in Mexico or Persia. There is no city in the vast Asiatic dominions of the Russian empire which is as populous as Copenhagen, the capital of little Denmark.

The largest city in Egypt does not lack much of being twice as large as the largest in Canada, and the Dominion has enormously the greater area and more available wealth. Australia, though vast in extent, has only about 1,000,000 inhabitants, and yet the largest city in that country is more populous than any city in all Africa, with the single exception of Cairo.

In all such comparisons it is necessary to leave the Chinese cities out of account, because they have had no real census in the last half century or longer. Being without official information which can be trusted, all outsiders have been obliged to make their own estimates of Chinese cities and towns, and China naturally cannot count upon any assured position in lists of the great cities of the earth.

It is the same with states in this country and their cities. Texas, much the largest of all, has no city half as big as San Francisco, located in a state which is younger, for all practical purposes, than Texas. Little Rhode Island, the smallest of the states, though far from the bottom of the list in population, has in Providence a city which is larger than any city in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware, West Virginia, Iowa, or any state in the South except Louisiana and Maryland, if the last named can be called Southern.

Such comparisons might be multiplied without limit, and in states of the American republic, as in countries, their extent and population have little to do with the size of their cities. That depends upon their commerce and industries and upon the nature of their civic interests and civic growth, from the beginning.

The Red House on Rowan Street

BY ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XI.

Henry Underwood is Arrested.

Burton's policeman picked up two other men on the way, and, thus reenforced, they made their way to Rowan street. It was away past midnight and as they went through the silent street, Burton had a queer feeling that he was taking a part in some strange melodrama in an alien world. Never before had he come into direct personal contact with the world where policemen were important people, and where the primitive affairs he had supposed represented the dregs of human nature were matters of every-day occurrence. Why hadn't Henry Underwood had sense enough to be satisfied with his narrow escape of the night before?

There was a light burning in the surgery as they approached the house,—a fact to which Higgins, the first policeman, called attention.

"That light sometimes burns all night," he said, pursing up his lips.

"Any city ordinance against it?" asked Burton.

Higgins looked up with a slow question in his eyes.

"You will stay with me, Mr. Burton," he said quietly. "O'Mara and Hanna, you go to the rear of the house and see that he doesn't make a get-away."

He rang the bell at the front door, and stepped instantly back, so that he could keep an eye on the whole front of the house. In a minute the door was opened wide and Dr. Underwood, in a dressing-gown, stood there peering out into the dark.

"Who wants me?" he asked.

Higgins stepped quickly inside, and as soon as Burton, who followed in his wake, had entered, he closed the front door, turned the key and slipped it into his pocket.

"Excuse me," he said, in a brisk undertone. "No one wants you, Doctor. I want Mr. Henry Underwood."

"You want him, Higgins? What for?"

"Assault."

"Assault? Henry? You're crazy. Henry hasn't spirit enough to assault any one. I'd ball him out with the greatest joy in the world, if he did. Whom did he assault, in the name of Goshen?"

"Mr. Hadley."

"Hadley! Well, there may be something to the boy, after all. When did this happen?"

"Just now, tonight. I don't want any trouble, but I don't want any foolishness, either. I've got to arrest him, you know, Doctor. It ain't what I may choose to do about it. So will you take me up to his room at once, before he hears me or takes an alarm?"

"You always were an unfortunate man, Higgins, but it is mighty hard luck that you should have to show the whole community what an idiot you are. It is kind of have to be made a fool of in such a public way. Henry is abed and asleep and has been for hours."

"Then I'll have to wake him and if you'll excuse me, Doctor, I can't let you give him any more time by this palaver. Will you take me to his room, or shall I hunt for it myself?"

Underwood glanced at Burton and wrinkled his face into an unbetraying mask; but as he led the way up-stairs he walked more slowly and draggingly than he had done in the afternoon, and Burton's heart ached for him.

"That's his room," he said, pointing to a losed door. The gleam of light along the lower edge showed plainly that the occupant was still up.

Higgins went to the door with a catlike silence and swiftness and laid his hand on the knob. It turned without resistance and he burst in upon Henry Underwood, half undressed. The bed had not been disturbed. The scattered clothing on the chairs showed that he had just come in from outdoors.

"What does this mean?" Henry demanded, with a look of amazement.

"You are under arrest," said Higgins. "Don't try any tricks. My men are about the house."

"What am I arrested for?"

"For assault on Hr. Hadley. And I warn you that anything you may say will be used against you."

"This is all foolishness, you know," Henry said, but his voice was spiritless and unconvincing, and Dr. Underwood groaned involuntarily.

"I haven't anything to do with that. All I have to do is to carry out orders. And I'll have to ask you to change your shoes. No, you don't!" He sprang forward and caught Henry roughly as the latter, at the word, rubbed his muddy shoe upon the rug on which he was standing. "We want your shoes, fresh mud and all. Just take them off, will you?"

"Take them off yourself," growled Henry, with a black look.

Higgins whistled and the two other men answered, one by melodramatically dropping in through the open window, and the other by appearing at the door. "Take off his shoes, — carefully, mind you. We want that mud on them. And get another pair for him, if you can find them."

He motioned Henry to sit down, but instead of dropping obligingly into the nearest chair, Henry stalked indignantly across the room and threw himself down on an upholstered lounge. Then he thrust out both feet before him with an arrogant air, and the two policemen, who had followed him closely, dropped on their knees and unfastened and removed his shoes. Higgins, who was proud of himself for thinking of a detail which might prove important, watched the process so closely that he paid no attention to anything else. Underwood, who leaned heavily against the doorcasing, watched his son's face with a look that was something like despair. But Burton, who stood silently at one side, watched Henry, and so saw an apparently casual motion that took his right hand from the vicinity of his breast pocket to the inner edge of the upholstered seat of the lounge.

"Well, what next?" Henry asked brusquely, when the men had shod him.

"You will come with us," said Higgins.

He rose without a word, and reached for his hat and oat.

"Henry!" The word broke from Dr. Underwood like a cry. "Have you anything to say to me?"

Henry gave him one look, and then dropped his eyelids.

"I think not," he said, with a curious air of deliberation.

"I'll come and see you tomorrow, my boy."

Henry nodded carelessly, and turned to Higgins.

"I'm ready," he said briefly.

"One moment," said Burton. "How is your cut finger? I think I'd better look at it before you go." And without waiting for permission, he picked up Henry's hand and examined the forefinger which had been cut the evening before. Henry had dressed it carelessly with court-plaster, but it was evident that the finger was both stiff and sore.

But Henry was far from being a model patient. He pulled his hand away with a look of surprise and resentment at Burton's touch. "That's nothing," he said impatiently. "What are you waiting for Higgins?"

"You," replied Higgins succinctly, slipping his hand under Henry's elbow.

Dr. Underwood followed the little procession down-stairs and did not notice that Burton lingered for a moment in the room. He lingered without moving until Henry was out of eyeshot, and then jumped to the sofa and ran his long fingers between the upholstred back and seat. It did not take more than a minute to satisfy his curiosity. Then he hurried downstairs, where he found a forlorn group.

Mrs. Underwood, tragically calm, sat like a classic statue of despair in a large arm-chair, while the doctor, who had evidently been explaining the situation to his family, limped painfully and restlessly about the room. Leslie, erect, and with hands clenched and head thrown back, followed with her eyes.

"I think Henry is insane," she said deliberately.

Dr. Underwood glanced apprehensively at Burton, who just then appeared in the doorway. Then he dropped into a chair with a groan.

"I forgot my confounded ankle," he said, in lame explanation.

Mrs. Underwood turned her gaze slowly upon him. "Don't prevaricate, Roger," she said coldly. "You did not groan because of your ankle, but because Henry's sin has found him out. I should think that you would at least see the importance of keeping clear of future sin."

'May I come in?" asked Burton. There was something strange in his voice,—a quality that made every one turn toward him expectantly, as though he brought a message. "May I venture a word? Of course you know that I know what has happened. I came here with the officer because I felt that my interest in everything touching the honor of your family warranted me in seeing this unfortunate affair through as far as possible. I say unfortunate, because of course it must add to your annoyance temporarily. But I do not think it will do more than that. In fact, I think it may be the means of really getting at the truth that lies under this mass of misunderstanding. I do not think that Henry Underwood is insane,—or that he had anything to do with Mr. Hadley's plight. I believe him innocent and honorable, and I am going to bend every energy I possess to proving him so."

He had spoken to all, but his eyes rested eagerly on Leslie, and at his last words she sprang impulsively forward and caught his hand in both her own.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried.

"Leslie, control yourself," said Mrs. Underwood, in calm reproof.

Dr. Underwood got upon his feet, with entire disregard of his ankle, and crossed the room to Burton.

"Have you any ground for that opinion, beyond an optimistic disposition and a natural desire to spare the family of your patient?" he demanded. "God knows I want to believe you,—but—" He broke off and shook his head.

Burton hastily realized that he was hardly justifiable, at this point, in making his own grounds for assurance public.

"Well,—his cut finger is sufficient. He couldn't tie all the knots that bound Hadley with that stiff finger," he said, with a would-be astute air.

Underwood could not conceal his disappointment. "You have nothing definite, then, to go upon?"

"Perhaps my evidence, in the present stage, would not be conclusive in court. But this is what I hope to make it. That is what I am definitely undertaking to do. And I believe I shall succeed." He smiled at Leslie, and though she did not repeat her impulsive demonstration of gratitude, he was satisfied with the look in her eyes.

On his way back to the hotel, he suddenly stopped under the trees and spoke to himself impatiently. What difference did it make to him what sort of a look there was in the eyes of Philip's betrothed? He would be better employed in considering the situation of the Underwoods in the light of this new revelation about the silent Henry. If Henry was in love with Miss Hadley—and why else should he carry a locket with her portrait in his breast pocket and think first of all of concealing this trinket when threatened with arrest and fearing a search?—then there was a reasonable explanation of his prowling in the neighborhood of the Hadley house. Burton had thrust the locket back into its hiding-place in the upholstered lounge, but he could not be mistaken. It was the same face he had seen looking up at Selby.—Hello! No need to hunt further for an explanation of the antagonism between the two men! The look on Selby's face when he talked so earnestly to Miss Hadley was one of the few human expressions that can neither be concealed nor counterfeited. And since nothing could be more reckless, hopeless and bitter, than love between the daughter of the pompous banker and the scapegoat of the town, why, of course, that was the mine that Cupid would fire.

But if Henry was innocent, who was the man who was so bent on making him appear guilty? Who mystery? The problem was not solved. It was merely made really was behind the High Ridge more complicated. And Burton had to acknowledge that his guess was not evidence that would convince the public. Indeed, now that he was half an hour away from it, he began to wonder at his own confidence. It had come to him like a revelation, but it needed verification.

Very well, he said doggedly, he would verify a part of it at once. He would call on Miss Hadley tomorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

An Unstable Sweetheart.

Burton awoke the next morning in a

Stone in Bladder Removed in Remarkable Way

A year and a half ago I was taken with a severe attack of kidney trouble that pained me to such an extent that morphine had to be given me. Was attended by a doctor who pronounced it as stone in the bladder and prescribed Lithia Water. I took Lithia Water and tablets for some time and received no relief from them. I stopped taking medicines for some time and having some of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root in the house, I decided to try it and felt much relieved; while taking the second bottle commenced to pass gravel in urine until I had passed in all at least a half dozen or more and have not suffered the slightest since and in all have taken one bottle and a half and feel very grateful to Swamp-Root.

Yours very truly,
H. W. SPINKS,
Camp Hill, Ala.

Personally appeared before me this 16th of August, 1909, H. W. Spinks, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that same is true in substance and in fact.

A. B. LEE,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

spiracy that cried to heaven to be exposed. The fact that it was not taking place in past historic times or in distant lands, but here in a commonplace town of the middle west in the light of newspapers, police regulations and prevalent respectability, — all this made it more interesting to him, instead of more prosaic. It was a real and vital situation, not an imaginable possibility. If Henry was in truth innocent, if the doctor was the guileless child of light that he seemed, if Miss Leslie had been involved in all this tangle by a cruel trick of Fate's, then certainly here was work waiting for him. He was no detective, but neither was this the ordinary melodrama of crime. It was rather a psychological problem, and it was just possible that he was better fitted to get at the truth of the matter than a professional who would have less human interest in the persons involved.

First of all, he would see Miss Hadley. He wanted to verify his guess that Henry's presence in the neighborhood last night was something that she could very well explain if she wanted to. And if that proved true, then Henry's wanderings on the night of the fire might easily have been in the same direction. Burton could not deny that it would ease his mind to have that point settled.

Miss Hadley came into the reception room with a nervous flutter in her manner and a startled look in her soft eyes. She was a pretty girl, of an excessively feminine type, — all soft coloring and timid grace. Certainly she was a pleasant thing to look upon, yet Burton's heart rather sank as he stood up to meet her. "She hasn't the backbone to stand by a man," he thought to himself, with a swift recognition of what Henry was going to need. But aloud he said: "I took the liberty of calling to inquire about your father. I hope that his trying experiences last night have not had any serious effects."

"He has gone down to the bank," she answered. "He felt that he ought to take the risk."

"Risk? What is he afraid of?"

"Why, anything might happen, after last night," she said, opening her eyes wide upon him.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Burton quickly, "because it indicates that you — and I hope your father — do not not share the foolish idea that Henry Underwood was in any way responsible for that outrage."

Her eyes filled with quick tears at the name. "They say he did it," she murmured.

"But you don't believe that," he said reassurinely. "You know that he has been arrested and put in jail, yet you say that your father fears other possible attacks. Of course if Mr. Underwood were the one, there would be no further danger, now that he is locked up! So I infer that your father is satisfied that it was some one else."

But anything so logical as this bit of reasoning found no response in Miss Hadley's mind. She looked at him from brimming violet eyes that, Burton confessed to himself with some cynicism, would have made anything like common sense seem an impertinence to him if he had been fifteen years younger.

"Papa says that he must have done it," she persisted. "He never did like Hen— Mr. Underwood."

"But I am sure that any personal dislike will not prevent his being fair to him in a case like this. You can help, you know. You can tell your father quite frankly why Mr. Underwood was found loitering in the garden. That will clear him of the most serious part of the evidence against him."

"What—what do you mean?" she gasped, looking at him in a kind of terror and half rising, as though she would flee from the room.

"Mr. Underwood came here last night to see you, didn't he?" he asked in a matter-of-course tone.

The ready tears overflowed the brimming violets and though she dabbed them away with a trifle that she called a handkerchief, they continued to well up and overflow while she kept her eyes fixed upon him.

"I—I was going away. Papa said that I had to go to my aunt in Williamston, so—that Hen—Mr. Underwood c—could not come and see me. And he c—couldn't even come to say good-bye, so he came to the garden, and—and—I was afraid some one might see him if he kept hanging around—it wasn't my fault,—he wouldn't pay attention to me when I told him never to come again—"

"So you went down to the garden to say goodbye to him," said Burton cheerfully. "Well, that was kind of you and I don't think for my part that you could have done any less. He loves you and you love him and you had a right to say goodbye to him before you went away. Of course you would stand up for him, just as he would stand up for you. I understand!"

Miss Hadley was so surprised by this mode of attack that she could only stare at him in silence.

"Now the point that I want you to tell me," Burton continued, "is just when you left Mr. Underwood in the garden and returned to the house."

She continued to stare in fascinated terror.

"You came in through the window in the drawing room, didn't you?"

She made the slightest possible sign of assent.

"And you went directly up to your room?"

"Yes."

"And when the wind came up you remembered that you had left the window open and you went back to close it. Is that it?"

"Y—yes."

"And then when you got into the hall, what was it that called your attention to your father's room? Was his door open?"

She nodded. "There was a light. I was afraid that he was up and would hear me in the hall, so I peeked through the crack—" She stopped, but she was not weeping now. She evidently saved her tears for her own troubles.

"And then you saw him tied up in bed and you began to scream—which was the very best thing you could have done, my dear Miss Hadley. How long were you in your room before you remembered about your window?"

"I—don't know."

"You had not begun to undress."

She gave him a startled look.

"I noticed that you were fully dressed. Did you read anything after you went to your room?"

"No."

"Or write anything?"

"No."

"Or sew, or—I don't know what girls do do when they go to their room! But did you do anything, and how long did it take you? You see I want to get an idea of how long it was between the time you left Mr. Underwood after saying goodbye to him, and the time you looked into your father's room."

"I don't know," she wailed, and Burton ground his teeth.

"But it may be very important! You must try to remember. It would have taken quite a while for anyone to tie all those knots. Of course if he was with you in the garden he was not up in your father's room, and if we can prove that there was not time enough—"

But she had sprung to her feet with a little scream. "You don't think that he will ever tell that I met him in the garden?"

"Aren't you going to tell, yourself?" asked Burton dryly.

She began to sob again, more with terror, it seemed, than anything else. "Papa would be—so angry."

"But you wouldn't let that frighten you into silence, when your word would mean so much to him?" Burton forced himself to speak gently and coaxingly, for he saw that this frightened girl held the key to much of the mystery—and he doubted her generosity!

"I wish I had—never seen him. I wish he had never come to—the garden. I never wanted him to come!"

"That wasn't the first time he had come, though, was it? You met him in the garden the evening before, you know," Burton said. He took a positive tone because he did not dare risk it as a question. But she met his assertion with a look so startled that it was all the confirmation he needed. Thank goodness! Henry had been here, then, when he came home in the small hours, and there was no further need to wonder about his whereabouts when the Spriggs fire started! Burton drew a breath of relief.

"I didn't think he would tell," wailed Miss Hadley.

"He didn't," said Burton quickly. "I happened to see him both times; that's how I knew."

"And I never thought he would be so wicked as to tie my father up in knots!"

"But he didn't, my dear Miss Hadley; you surely knew he didn't. He wouldn't have had time, even if there were nothing else. That's what we can prove, you and I. I want you to tell—"

"Oh, I can't! I can't! I'll say I don't know anything about it, if you try to make me tell. I think you are horrid!"

Burton beat his mind in despair. How was he to pin this irresponsible child down to the facts of the situation? Suddenly she looked up from her handkerchief.

"Mr. Selby says it was Henry, and now I can see what sort of a man he really is."

"When did he say that?"

"Last night. And today."

Burton reflected that Selby certainly knew the advantage of striking when the iron was hot. But he only asked: "Is Mr. Selby a friend of Mr. Underwood's?"

A self-conscious look came into her face, and she dropped her eyes. It was quite evident that her vanity took the jealousy of the two men as a tribute to her powers.

"Does Mr. Selby know that you are engaged to Mr. Underwood?" he asked abruptly.

"N—no!" she stammered.

"Did you tell him that you had just left Mr. Underwood in the garden last night?"

"No," she gasped. "You—you don't think Mr. Underwood would tell?"

"No, I don't think he would," said Burton. "In fact, I feel quite sure he would keep silence on that point, at any cost. But I am going to tell, if it becomes necessary."

"I will never speak to him again," she cried desperately. "I will never see him or speak to him again."

Burton held himself from retorting: "It will be better for him if you don't," and merely answered, with as much kindliness as he could put into his voice:

"I shall not speak of it unless necessary. If we can clear him without that, all right; I know he would rather have it that way. But if it becomes necessary to prove where he was that evening, in order to prove that he could not have been in your father's room at the same time, I am going to tell the facts. There won't be any harm to you in them. And there isn't anything else to do, if that question comes up."

But Miss Hadley would not answer. She gave him one look of indignant and tearful reproach and then fled from the room, leaving him to find his way out of the house as best he could.

Burton found himself in a somewhat embarrassing quandary as he considered the matter. While he felt morally satisfied that he had found the true explanation of Henry's presence in the neighborhood, and the proof of his innocence of all complicity in the assault upon the banker, he realized that it would not be easy to convince either a prejudiced public or a jury. Miss Hadley was obviously not to be counted upon. She might deny the whole thing, or she might be terrified into admitting anything as to time and place that the prosecution might wish to draw from her. Undoubtedly the opposition of her father would seem to the multitude merely another reason for suspecting Henry, instead of its being as Burton saw it, a fairly conclusive proof that he would have been more than ordinarily scrupulous in his dealings with the man whom he hoped to call his father-in-law. And of course Henry would neither tell himself, nor thank Burton for telling, a piece of news that would be gossip and cause for laughter in a small town like High Ridge. It was unfortunate that Henry should have fixed his affection upon so unstable a creature as the pretty Miss Hadley, anyhow. Why couldn't he have had the judgment to choose some one like—well, like his sister Leslie, who would have walked by the side of the man she loved down into the valley of the shadow of death if need be?

But then, he reflected cynically, people never did show any judgment when it came to falling in love, for the matter of that. There was Miss Underwood, herself. Of course Phillip was a charming boy, and all that, but —— He shook his head impatiently, and went on to interview Henry.

(To be continued.)

WORTH KNOWING

Best Prescription Obtainable for Backache and Kidneys.

"Mix half ounce fluid extract Buchu; half ounce Murax compound; six ounces good pure gin; shake bottle well each time and take in doses of one to two teaspoonfuls after meals." Any druggist will mix or supply these ingredients. This mixture will quickly relieve backache, rheumatic pains, frequent and highly colored urination. These symptoms of kidney trouble must have prompt attention to avoid Bright's disease or diabetes.

LARGE ACREAGE OPEN TO ENTRY

Government Restores to Public Domain 493,386 Acres in Northwest.

Advices received by the United States land office at Spokane, Wash., say that 493,386 acres of lands in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana, previously withdrawn from entry, have been restored to the public domain in an order issued by the department of the interior following a proclamation by President Taft.

Where Lands Are.

The lands are described as follows, with the place to file stated:

Washington—Five thousand nine hundred and ten acres from the Rainier national forest in the central part of the state, Kittitas county, very little unappropriated; North Yakima land office. Three thousand five hundred and eighty-four acres from Kaniksu national forest, in the northwestern part of the state, Stevens county, about 37 per cent unappropriated; Spokane land office. Forty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-six acres from Colville national forest, in the northeastern part of the state Stevens county, Okanogan and Ferry counties, about one-third unappropriated; Waterville and Spokane offices.

Oregon — Sixty-nine thousand acres eliminated from the Umatilla, 16,53 acres eliminated from the Deschutes, 4,485 acres eliminated from the Malheur, 6,746 acres eliminated from the Whitman and 263,635 acres eliminated from the Wallowa national forests in Oregon. Settlement October 22 and entry on or after November 21, at the United States land offices at The Dalles and at La Grande, Burns, Vale and Lake View. The eliminated areas are scattered along the borders of these forests in northeastern part of the state in Wheeler, Crook, Grant, Umatilla, Wallowa and Baker counties. The lands to be restored have been largely surveyed.

Scattered Tracts in Idaho.

Idaho—Seventy-two thousand one hundred and fifty-two acres eliminated from the Minidoka, 33,173 acres from the Caribou and 22,236 acres from the Pocatello national forests. Settlement October 22; entry November 21 at the United States land offices at Hailey and Blackfoot, Idaho. The eliminated areas consist of scattered tracts along the southeastern part of the state in Bingham, Bannock, Bear Lake, Cassia, Twin Falls and Oneida counties, and are largely unappropriated.

Montana—Nine thousand one hundred and twenty acres, formerly withdrawn from the Sun river project, Great Falls district. Settlement, October —; entry November 21.

Pomona ranch of 100 acres, at Dayton, Wash., in the Touchet Valley, south of Spokane, yielded 120 carloads of standard winter apples this season, which is believed to be a record for an orchard of this extent.

Yield Increases Largely.

The yield is 200 per cent greater than in 1909. The apples are free from blemishes and a careful examination showed but one wormy apple for each 1,000.

The acre average was 750 bushels from 70 trees, though individual acres run as high as 830 boxes. The owners paved $25,000 for picking and packing and for the boxes and it is estimated that it will cost $35,000 to transport the crop to eastern markets. The commercial value of the yield is placed at $100,000.

The orchard was developed by J. L. Dumas, of Dayton, ex-president of the Washington State Horticultural association, who sold it to a syndicate of Walla Walla and Dayton capitalists for $150,000 several months ago, at which time it was estimated the crop would reach $75,000 "on the ranch."

EXPORTS GROWING FAST

Manufactures Sent Abroad Exceed Past Records.

Exports of manufactures from the United States in the year which ends with next month will, for the first time, exceed $800,000,000 in value. The September export figures, just completed by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, seem to fully justify this prediction. For the single month of September the exports of manufactures aggregated $70,000,000, and for the nine months ending with September, $613,000,000, an average of $68,000,000 per month for that portion of the year for which figures are now available

Food Exports Fall Off.

Manufactures are the only important class of experts which show a material gain in 1910, compared with 1909. Exports of foodstuffs in a crude condition in the nine months ending with September, 1910, show a total of but $60,000,000, against $75,000,000 in the same months of last year, and foodstuffs, partly or wholly manufactured, $180,000,000, against $205,000,000 in the same months of last year, and, while crude material for use in manufacturing shows a slight gain, having been $334,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, against $322,000,000 in the same months of last year, the growth is by no means as large as that in exports of manufactures.

Increase in Imports of Manufactures.

On the import side, both manufacturers' materials and finished manufactures show marked gains for the nine months' period, but a decline of about $6,000,000 in crude material in September, 1910, compared with September, 1909. Crude materials for use in manufacturing show a total of $413,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, 1910, against $379,000,000 in the same months of last year; manufactures for further use in manufacturing, $214,000,000, against $182,000,000 in the same months of last year, and manufactures ready for consumption, $277,000,000 in the nine months ending with September, 1910, against $248,000,000 in the same months of last year.

The total imports for the nine months in 1910 were $1,172,387,363, against $1,068,594,356 for the same period in 1909; and the exports were $1,222,914,408, against $1,161,024,910 last year.

Some Bad People Out of Jail.

Charleston, S. C., Post.

We are told by The Toledo Blade that there are 80,000 people in jail in the United States. Suppose all the people in the United States who ought to be in jail were. We suspect the prison population would about double.

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DRY FARMING IS MATTER OF RULE

Reclamation Director Tells How Method Must Be Followed for Success.

The public now believes in dry farming. It has passed through the stages of ridicule, of mere toleration and finally of over-enthusiastic promotion and is settling down as an accomplished fact. It has suffered both from neglect on the one hand and from over-zealous friends on the other, writes F. H. Newell, director of the United States Reclamation service. The crop statistics of 1910 are showing that it is no longer a theory but has realized a degree of success justifying the predictions of well-informed men.

The practice of agriculture in the arid regions has been, and still is, to a great extent, a matter of pioneering. Like other pioneering enterprises, the practice of this new form of agriculture has been beset with much disappointment and hardship, especially on the part of those who have been illy prepared or badly advised. Not every man is capable of being a successful farmer any more than he is capable of being a successful carpenter or groceryman. It may be claimed that a higher degree of intelligence, skill, energy and strength is required of a successful pioneer farmer than is necessary for the mechanic or tradesman.

Many Lack Energy.

It is unfortunate that these pioneer enterprises of developing the arid regions, either by irrigation or without it, have always attracted a great many men who have not succeeded in other occupations. Many of these men are predestined to failure, because of lack of physical strength, of energy and especially of what people call "common sense." They are easily attracted by the novelty of the situation, and forgetting that there are many laws of nature and rules of practice to be observed, attempt the impossible and become quickly discouraged. It is this feature which has been particularly conspicuous during 1910, as the climatic conditions of aridity have severely asserted themselves and many would-be farmers have learned to their sorrow that arid agriculture is an art whose rules cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

In all affairs of life the failures are usually more instructive than the successes. It has been interesting to note that in nearly every instance the failures, both in irrigation and in arid agriculture have resulted from disobedience or neglect of known laws. Students of conditions have predicted certain failures on the part of most ill-directed efforts and have shown that while an occasional success might be made through chance, yet in the long run, the pioneer farmers must follow the rules laid down or suffer the consequences. One of these has been the thorough tilling of the soil and the storage in it of all of the moisture available.

Few Pioneers Follow Instructions.

In traveling through the arid west, it is noticeable how few of the pioneer farmers have properly tilled the fields, and how many have simply broken up the top soil and allow it to dry out instead of properly pulverizing it and thus holding the scanty moisture and humus from being dissipated by the winds. The results have illustrated the old maxim of the unwisdom of putting all of the eggs into one basket. Case after case has been noted where in the eagerness for large areas the dry farmer has attempted to put in hundreds of acres of one crop and has neglected to till a few acres where a little water might be had for artificially moistening the soil.

The best condition for success in the arid regions is one where a small acreage on each farm can be irrigated and intensely cultivated and where a variety of crops, especially those consumed on the farm and in the home, can be raised. This small area, even if no more than a good-sized garden patch, is the citadel of the home. It provides potatoes and other vegetables for use during the winter, and possibly some alfalfa or other forage for the family cow. It insures the permanence of the family.

Outside of this area there may be a hundred or several hundred acres under cultivation by arid agriculture without the artificial application of water. This larger tract of dry land may yield a generous living, alternate portions being cropped each year with reasonable success and with occasional bumper crops.

Profits on Small Investment.

Here on the dry land is where the larger profits may be made with a relatively small investment. It is this combination of irrigated land with larger areas of dry lands on which there is an intelligent application of dry farming principles which has enabled hundreds of farmers to succeed while their neighbors, depending upon one crop and trying to utilize all of the dry land every year, have failed miserably.

There are now available to every man a number of publications giving clearly the principles of arid agriculture. These have been printed under the auspices of the state and federal government and by individuals. There is no excuse for any man not grasping the fundamentals; but there is in the makeup of every pioneer farmer more or less of the desire to speculate.

The rules laid down in the books and the advice given him by the agricultural experts seem to be too exacting; he wants to try his chance, and believes that with the favorable weather then prevailing he can run the risk of doing a little less work than called for by the experts.

He remembers having heard of some one who made a success without so much plowing and harrowing; being pressed for time, or money, he puts in his entire area in the quickest manner possible. This year's results have shown the unwisdom of such a reckless course. While instances may be pointed out where a fair crop has been attained, the great number

Mother Is Boss.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

"Kate Masterson says the New York women dominate New York. Yes, and the Possum's Run women dominate Possum's Run."—Toledo Blade.

In other words, mother is the boss, notwithstanding the majestic bluff the old man puts up at the cigar store, and then suddenly rushes out in order to be at home before the curfew bell rings.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

I have a hog that weighs about 200 pounds, one year old and a barrow. His legs are swollen at knee and hock-joints. I have given him copperas and a doctor's powders and washed his legs with soapsuds. Can any one give me any other remedy?—R., Petroleum, W. Va.

Will some reader of Farmstead give a description and plan of a good trap nest?—G., Lebanon, Ore.

We have a cow 7 years old, that freshened last June but has not done well since. The flow of milk has been unusually small and continually decreases. She seemed in fair condition before calving, but since has been decreasing rapidly in flesh, until now she is very poor; does not eat much and is inclined some to eating trash. Have given stock tonic for some time but it does not seem to help her. Can any one tell what ails her and tell what to do?—P., Bitely, Mich.

GROWING MUSHROOMS

Cellars or basement rooms where the temperature in the winter time does not go below 55 degrees, or rise above 65 degrees, are suitable places for growing mushrooms. These rooms, however, should not be under the living rooms, as the odor of the manure used in the beds will fill the house.

The best soil for mushrooms is that made from horse manure taken from well bedded stables. While some straw in the manure is desirable, a large percentage is objectionable and should be removed. In preparing the bed, a layer of the more coarse manure is placed on the bottom and then thoroughly tamped or pounded down. Succeeding layers are then put in and tamped down till the entire layer is from 10 to 14 inches thick. Sometimes one part of rich soil is used to four or five parts of manure. For a little time after the manure has been packed down, the temperature of the room will rise. The spawns should not be planted till the room begins to cool.

Cultivated mushrooms, spawns, used for planting the beds, may be obtained from nearly any dealer in garden seeds. They are in the form of manure bricks. Before using, the bricks should be broken up into two inches in diameter. The pieces are planted in the bed about eight inches apart, by making a suitable hole in the bed two inches deep and pressing the spawn into it. The bed is then covered with excelsior or straw to prevent a loss of moisture or too rapid fall of temperature. In about a week this material should be removed and the bed covered with an inch of rich, loamy soil.

THE MOVABLE HOG HOUSE

During the late summer and fall months the farmer usually plans to build some kind of a shelter for his hogs in which the sows may farrow early in the spring, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. A great many think that an open shed, banked up on the north and west sides with straw and covered with a little slough hay is about all the shelter the pig will need during the winter. They never consider that it takes feed to produce heat in the body and every effort used to keep the body comfortable is a saving of feed. If the hogs are sheltered under an open shed, as above described, it will take more feed to make a given gain per month than in an enclosed house, or at least the house in which the animal can be kept comfortable.

Besides having to feed all the hogs in the open shed to make the gain you will have to give enough extra feed to maintain proper heat of the body. The food given the pig will be used to first maintain the heat of the body, and after that is done to increase the flesh. If it takes all the feed to maintain the heat of the body, then no gain will be made. When the quarters are comfortable so that little feed is needed to maintain the body heat, the reader can see that it is easier to make a gain than it is where the quarters are open and the animal suffers from the cold.

As soon as the farmer is convinced that he should have comfortable quarters for the hog he generally goes to the other extreme. He then builds a large, artistic hog house in which he can shelter from 75 to 200 head, and during the cold weather shuts them up so that not a breath of the cold wind or a flake of snow can reach them. This plan of shelter is just as much of an error as the open shed in which the hogs get a snow bath every time there is a high wind.

In the tight enclosure, while the hog-ship is kept amply warm and sometimes too warm he is compelled to sleep with too many of his fellows, and as a result ventilation is always poor and sometimes disease results. The house becomes too hot during the night and in the morning when he is called to the floor for his feed he becomes so chilled that he contracts one or more serious hog ailments.

Between these two extremes there is a happy mean. The swine grower should have a house for his hogs that is never too open nor too much enclosed, and that will shelter not over five or 10 head. The experience of not only the experiment stations, but of large growers of hogs is that the small hog house is preferable to the large central house. The reasons for this are many.

First, the small house provides shelter as well as the large house. While it provides shelter it can be easier ventilated because there can be but few sheltered in it. Second, it can be moved more easily from place to place, in case the pens or pastures are desired to be changed from one part of the farm to another, and the hog pastures can be rotated as well as the crops. Third, the health of the herd is improved. Where the smaller house is used, fewer hogs are kept in one pen. This promotes the health of the herd, besides making it possible to practice a more systematic rotation. The hogs can be shut out of one lot while the grass gets a start in another.

DIVERSIFY YOUR CROPS

J. P. Purviance, Logan county, Illinois, although a tenant farmer, believes in keeping a large amount of live stock, in maintaining the soil, in diversifying his work so as to have an income from several sources, in selling as much of his product as possible in a condensed and manufactured form and in being his own salesman direct to the consumer. He has remained on the same rented farm for seventeen years, and now owns an adjoining farm. The following results give an idea of his unusual success:

Clean and thorough cultivation are cardinal principles; large quantities of manure are spread upon the land; a dairy herd of forty cows besides the young stuff is kept, and hogs are raised upon skim milk. There is, of course, a large amount of pasturage on the 450 acres. The corn yields secured last year were 93 bushels, 70 bushels and 60 bushels of corn per acre, and one piece planted in the middle of June yielded a little less than 40 bushels per acre. The wheat made about 28 bushels.

The morning's milk goes to town in two wagons, the night's milk is separated and the cream bottled and sold from the milk wagons the next morning. From the sales of many days Mr. Purviance estimates that his herd brings him in about $15 per day. In addition he has been making butter from cream bought of his neighbors, but there is some question whether the butter business will prove very profitable, because of the lessened demand during the spring months when fairly good country butter can be bought at the stores, and because of the difficulty in securing cream so handled as to retain its high quality when it comes from so many different sources.

A very unusual and very successful adjunct of his farming last winter was the butchering of thirty-two hogs in lots of five or six at convenient intervals. Mr. Purviance makes a high grade of sausage, and the sale of this, the rib bones and the lard to private customers in town returns him the entire cost of producing the hogs, while he has left the sides, hams and shoulders to cure and sell at good prices. He got 12½ cents a pound for lard, 15 cents for sausage, 14 cents for shoulders, 15 cents for sides and 18 cents for hams. By the use of his telephone and regular milk wagons these products are readily sold to private customers in town, and this procedure just about doubles the returns from his hogs. Very little extra help is required for the butchering, and this has proven a most satisfactory departure. A steam pipe is carried from his milk house to the scalding barrel.

Such diversity of work and products is a long step toward providing continuous labor the year around for the number of hands desired—a vital element in solving the labor problem. Mr. Purviance is also an expert in another farm specialty, that of raising, buying, fitting and selling horses. Formerly this was an important

ANSWERS BY VETERINARIAN

There are some big, rough growths on our heifer's back and neck, and some of them seem to be almost loose. Can they be safely cut off? A cow has a lot of hard, rough places on her udder. They do not seem like warts, but like warty skin. Can anything be done to help make the skin smooth again? —M. K., Missouri.

Reply—Twist the warts off with the fingers, or, if the fingers are not strong enough for the work, use pinchers. Touch the bleeding places with a red-hot iron, or apply Monsell's solution or powder. If the warts begin to grow again wet them with nitric acid or formaldehyde. To improve the warty condition of the skin of the udder rub it twice daily with best castor oil. This should soon remove the warts. Fresh goose grease also does fairly well in place of the castor oil.

Contagious Ophthalmia—Thin Horse.

I have a flock of 100 ewes that have had sore eyes and one or two went blind; have lost fifty lambs that seemed too weak to live; have eighty live ones left and some of them are stiff with sore eyes. What is it and what can be done?

Have 4-year-old horse that won't get fat; nips his sides, but looks all right otherwise. Any information will be appreciated. Thanking you in advance.—Carl Whitesell, Arrowsmith, Ill.

Reply—1. This disease is contagious and remains in an affected place for some time. Ewes and lambs should be moved onto fresh ground away from the infected area. Treat by washing affected eyes twice daily with a saturated solution of boric acid and two or three times a week puffing between eyelids with a little of a mixture of equal parts of finely powdered calomel and boric acid. Sponge eyes of lambs at birth with a 10 per cent solution of boric acid or drop in two drops of a 1 per cent solution of nitrate of silver, to be kept in a blue-colored bottle. 2. Have the horse clipped and his teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist. Feed him one quart of black strap molasses mixed with three quarts of warm water and stirred up with cut hay, bran and cornmeal. Give this night and morning with whole oats at noon and long hay at night.

Leaking Teats.

How can we prevent the teats from streaming milk before milking time? The cow is near calving now and the teats are large and she is a very sassy milker and healthy. She gives a big mess of milk when fresh.—G. H. Missouri.

Reply—The old-fashioned plan is to make the ends of the teats sore; but this is a poor practice, as it may lead to dangerous infection of the udder. We know of no permanent cure. If any one has one we would be very glad to hear from him. Mechanical measures consist in tying wide tapes around the ends of the teats or painting the ends after milking with coat upon coat of flexible collodion, which hardens and prevents escape of milk. Sometimes milking three times a day helps in such cases.

Enlarged Stifle Joints.

A 4-month-old colt has two big stifle joints, and they seem to be full of fluid. The veterinary says they come from leak of joint water. This is the second colt we have had. The other one is a year old and both its stifles are large and growing bigger and the muscles below and above are wasted away. Does this trouble breed? We did not work the mare that was the mother of the 4-month-old colt, and neighbors say she should have been worked and that would have prevented the stifle swellings. Any advice you can give me about this trouble will be welcome.—G. H. T., Minnesota.

Reply—Not working the mare was not the cause of this stifle disease; nor is it hereditary. The cause is infection of the navel at birth, a subject that has been spoken of here several times of late. It will be found fully discussed in circular of information No. 13 of the agricultural experiment station of Wisconsin. This circular is entitled "Care of New-Born Foals" and may be had on application to Dean H. L. Russell, college of agriculture, Madison, Wis. The disease is easily prevented by having the mare foal in a clean place and by applying a strong solution of corrosive sublimate to the navel at birth and then twice a day until the part is perfectly healed. Cases such as you describe rarely respond satisfactorily to treatment. The affected colt usually remains a cripple for life. On dissection of affected joints we have found an ulcerated condition of the cartilage covering the ends of the bones forming the joint. Rub the enlargement with iodine each other day.

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Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and with a record of *40 years of cures*. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

$300 PRIZE TRY FOR IT NOW
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The above is a very good representation of a hunter in the Jungles of Africa. He is trying hard to shoot the big rhinocerous, and has shot a great many bullets without success. None of these bullets have hit the rhino. Each bullet is represented by a dot. Now what you are to do to earn our $300 PRIZE is to count the number of dots that appear in the above picture. Can you do it? If you can count these dots accurately and send us the correct count you can win the $300 PRIZE which we offer to the one who counts these dots correctly. You might just as well win the prize as the next one. Write on your answer and send it to us today with 25 cents for a year's subscription to Everyday Life, our big illustrated monthly magazine that gives you live, up-to-date stories, miscellaneous matter, fine departments, splendid serials, etc. Send us your answer to this puzzle at once, enclosing 25 cents Everyday Life for One Year, and you will find it the best investment you ever made. Contest will close Dec. 30, 1910, prizes paid at once. To the person who sends correct count we will pay $300. If there is more than one correct count, we will divide the prize equally between the contestants so tying. Every correct count gets a cash prize. Everyday Life one year, only 25c, and correct count brings the prize. EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT. 212 CHICAGO, ILL.

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Hints to Stock Owners

The dairyman who allows his stock to stand with arched backs on the shady side of the barn on cold, blustery days, is losing money faster than he can afford. Such a course is as foolish as to put all the drafts on the stove and then to open the doors and windows.

Let the flock harvest the small turnips on the ground.

That old sheep that snuffles will be done for before spring. Let her go now.

To have good-sized sheep they must be grown rapidly while young, and it is important to give them a good start.

Be sure there are no ticks on the ewes. It is very costly to winter ticks and it doesn't pay. It is impossible to fatten a sheep infested with ticks. Look out for them.

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A Woman Bachelor of Divinity.

London Globe.

The graduation at St. Andrews on Wednesday last was marked by an event unique in the annals of the Scottish universities, Miss Frances Melville, M. A., Edinburgh, received the degree of bachelor of divinity. She is the first lady to have attained this distinction in a Scottish university, although that of London has granted such a degree in similar circumstances. Miss Melville was formerly principal of the Hall for Women at St. Andrews, and she is now filling a similar position at St. Margaret's, Glasgow, the women's hall in Scotland's second ancient university. Her name was prominently before the English public in the appeal before the House of Lords about a year ago in regard to the admission of women to the Scottish bar. This being so, it is singular to find the principal Glasgow paper evidently ignorant of the lady's position and distinction, describing her as "A. Glasgow, Sir James Donaldson, the venerable and popular principal of St. Andrews, although a layman possesses a doctor's degree in divinity, conferred upon him on account of his partistic writhings."

Elk Stole the Grain.

Greeley Corr. Denver Republican.

Thefts of oats and other grains from the Kingsbury camp on the west portal of the Laramie-Poudre tunnel were exposed last night when watchers discovered a herd of 11 elk, led by a monster buck, devouring the grain.

Will Kingsbury, who was on guard, says the animals are the largest he has ever seen and were quite tame.

This is the first time in recent years that elk have approached so near civilization, and old fam...es on the Poudre say that their presence predicts severe winter.

Men at work on the tunnel report deer and bear are numerous, and all are on the lookout for a huge cinnamon bear which chased some of the workmen into camp last Thursday night. The bear is said to have taken up his headquarters near the tunnel two years ago.

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Mediaeval Moving Day.

Harper's Magazine.

Most of the Percy estates were so close together in the north, commerce was already so far developed and the earl himself was so often absent on business of state, that his household was generally able to avoid any more serious displacement than the periodical migrations from Wressill to Leckinfield and back, a distance of some 20 miles. These flittings, however, turned everything upside down for a day or two. For the earl, like smaller men, had only one set of movables for all his residences, and, as surviving documents testify, he needed a far greater train for these periodical journeys than for the contingent of 523 men at whose head he served in the French campaign of 1513. Only the heaviest articles were permanent fixtures; all else must be transported—beds, chairs, tables, kitchen utensils, hangings for doors and walls, and even glass casements for the windows. This book throws a vivid light on such phrases as "the breaking up of my lord's house," or "his lordship set up his house again." Sometimes there was a partial breakup without an actual move; when my lord "kept his secret house," dismissing the majority of his servants to live on boardwages in the village, and retiring to a corner of his own castle for some such approach to the simple life as his modern descendant might enjoy in a Highland shooting box.

The general migrations, when they came, followed a strict routine; each man had his specified share of horse and vehicle for himself and his belongings. A single paragraph will show not only how carefully everything was organized beforehand, but also (what may be more unfamiliar to some readers) the very primitive sleeping arrangements which were common in the Middle Ages. "Item, it is ordained at every removal that the dean, subdean, priests, gentlemen and children of my lord's chapel, with the yeoman and groom of the vestry, shall have appointed them two carriages at every removal; viz., one for their beds; viz., for 6 priests 3 beds after 2 a bed, for 10 gentlemen of the chapel 5 beds after 2 to a bed, and for 6 children 2 beds after 3 to a bed, and a bed for the yeoman and groom." Out of all the officers on these occasions, high and low, six only had a bed to themselves, and not one of the eight migratory priests was among these privileged few. We find even the sixth earl addressing his relative, Thomas Arundel, as "bedfellow;" for they had been servants together in Wolsey's stately household.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask for a reply by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE SIBERIAN PEOPLE

Please tell something about the people of Siberia.—R. E., Oswego, Pa.

There are many races and tribes scattered through the different parts of Siberia. Most of the population is Russian, and consists of both voluntary emigrants or exiles from Russia and their descendants. Beginning at the Ural mountains and proceeding eastward we find a tribe of Samoyedes in the northwest. Immediately south of these the Ostiaks occupy both sides of the Obi up to the confluence of the Irtish, the northern part of the Steppe of Baraba, and the whole of the woody region eastward to the banks of the Yenisei. They live by fishing and hunting, and though their physical structure is by no means robust they display both great dexterity and courage in attacking the larger and fiercer animals, both of the land and water. Some of them have embraced Christianity, but the great majority continued addicted to Shamanism. In the south among the Altai mountains, the Kalmuks predominate, but have laid aside a number of the usual peculiarities of their race. They own live stock and cultivate some tobacco. They are not Buddhists, but are addicted to other forms of superstition. Among the eastern slopes of the Altai are several Turkish tribes. The Buriats dwell chiefly on both sides of Lake Baikal, and eastward as far as the Onon. They are of Mongol origin, and closely allied to the natives of the northern provinces of China both in language and in costumes. The Tunguzes or Toongoozes are the most widely dispersed of all the native tribes, being found throughout many parts of Siberia from the eastern shores to the frontiers of China. They live chiefly by hunting. The Kakuts live intermingled with the Tunguzes and confine themselves almost entirely to the raising of horses and cattle, and the preparation of dairy produce from them. They are of Tartar origin, and not a few of them are nominal converts to Christianity, though the majority, like the Tunguzes, still adhere to Shamanism. The Tchuktches occupy the northeastern portion of Siberia, and their language proves them to have a common origin with the Esquimos. Some of them spend their time in hunting and fishing, while others are nomadic in their habits.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CANADA

Do Canadian women have the right to vote? I have heard that they can vote in municipal affairs.—L. E. G., Montpelier, O.

Women have municipal suffrage in Ontario, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Quebec, British Columbia and the Northwest Territory.

THE CAPITOL

Please tell what changes and additions have been made to the capitol at Washington.—C. A. M., La Grange, Ind.

The capitol was erected in 1793, but was destroyed by the British in 1814. The present building dates from 1818. The main building with the low dome was completed in 1827 and the wings and new dome were added 1851-65. In 1903 congress authorized further extensions costing over $2,500,000, to be carried out on certain plans drawn by I. N. Walter, under supervision of Federal Architect Woods.

CHARLES H. TREAT

Please give a short biography of Charles H. Treat.—W. I. J., Blackville, W. Va.

Charles Henry Treat, the ex-treasurer of the United States, was born July 15, 1841. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1865. When he left college Treat entered his father's firm, which owned 28 merchant vessels and was engaged in export and import trade with South America and the West Indies. He removed from Maine to Delaware in 1877 and engaged in the manufacturing business. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1888, was nominated for congress and conducted the Republican campaign in Delaware the same year. It resulted in the legislature having a Republican majority for the first time in the history of the state, and the election of the first Republican senator from the same state. Treat was a leading candidate for the United States senate, but was defeated by two votes. He afterward removed to New York, where he took an active part in local politics. From 1905 to 1909 he was treasurer of the United States.

THE PLANET EROS

Can you tell me something about the planet Eros?—L. H. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Eros, one of the minor planets, was discovered by Witt in 1898, at the Urania observatory in Berlin. Eros is very much nearer the sun than the other planets, and at times it may be within 14,000,000 miles of the earth. The relative dimensions of the solar system are known with high precision, and if any dimension can be accurately measured in miles, all the other dimensions become known at once. In terms of the same unit. It is apparently possible to determine the parallax of Eros (and hence its distance from the earth in miles) with relatively high precision, and a correspondingly accurate determination of the absolute dimensions of the solar system in general will result. As Eros approaches the earth more closely than any other heavenly body except the moon, its parallax is relatively large; and the fact that its diameter is only about 20 miles, so that it appears in the telescope as a mere point of light without a sensible disk indicates that extremely precise micrometric measures of its position on the heavens may be had.

Astronomers are heavily alive to the possibilities offered by this seemingly insignificant little planet, and at every favorable opportunity Eros will be studied with exceeding care. It is considered probable that by the end of this century the observations of Eros will have led to a determination of the sun's distance that will not be in error by more than 25,000 miles, the present uncertainty in this distance being probably fully 150,000 miles.

POET LAUREATE

Will you answer through your columns who is poet laureate to the King of England? Please give a biography of him.—L. E. P., Somerset, Pa.

Alfred Austin is poet laureate of England, having been given that honor in 1896, after the death of Lord Alfred Tennyson. Austin was born at Headingly, England, May 30, 1835. He graduated from the university of London in 1853, and was called to the bar four years later. From 1883 to 1893 he was editor of the National Review. He is the author of political books, novels and many volumes of verse. Opinion is much divided as to his merits as a poet.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Please give me a short biography of Benedict Arnold.—J. H. D., South Webster Ohio.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1741 died in England in 1801. He received a good school education in his youth. He was romantic and adventurous, excessively proud and sensitive, governed rather by impulse than by principle. He was noted for physical strength and beauty as well as bravery. At 15 he ran away from home and enlisted in the Connecticut army marching to Albany and Lake George to resist the French invasion; but getting weary of discipline he deserted and made his way home through the wilderness. In 1762 he removed to New Haven and started in business as a druggist and bookseller. He acquired considerable property, engaged in the West India trade, sometimes commanding his own ships, as his father had done. He also carried on trade with Canada, and often visited Quebec. On February 22, 1767, he married Margaret Mansfield, who died June 19, 1775. They had three sons Benedict, Richard and Henry. On one of his voyages Arnold fought a duel at Honduras with an English sea captain who called him a name, the captain was wounded and apologized. He also occasionally visited England. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New Haven, Arnold, who was captain of the governor's guards, assembled them, and marched to Cambridge to join Washington. He was made a colonel of Massachusetts militia, and went with the expedition which captured Ticonderago and Crown Point. He returned to Cambridge and was put in command of the expedition against Quebec. His services in Canada and with the northern army under Ticonderoga were very valuable.

The cabal which grew up in congress was already forming; Gates had begun to intrigue against Schuyler, and Charles Lee against Washington. Arnold was the close friend of Schuyler and Washington, and their enemies began striking at him. In 1777 congress appointed five new major generals, passing over Arnold, who was the senior brigadier. This deeply incensed Arnold, as none of the five had rendered services comparable to his. Later in the same year, 1777, Arnold drove the British under Tryon from Connecticut. Congress then made him a major general, but did not restore his relative rank, which would have placed him above the five. Arnold rendered distinguished service in the campaign against Burgoyne's advance, and at the battle of Saratoga, October 7, he rushed upon the field without orders, and in a series of magnificent charges broke through the British lines and put them to flight. Here Arnold was severely wounded in the leg that had been hurt at Quebec, which disabled him until the spring of 1778. In January congress restored him to his relative rank in the army, June 19 Washington put him in command of Philadelphia, which the British had just evacuated. Here he met and married a Tory lady, Margaret Shippen, celebrated for her beauty, wit and nobility of character. For the next two years he associated much with the Tories, and his views of public affairs were doubtless much influenced thereby. He lived extravagantly, got into debt, and had quarrels with many persons, among them Joseph Reed, president of the executive council of the state, who brought charges against Arnold. These were investigated by a committee of congress, and he was unqualifiedly acquitted. Arnold, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command of Philadelphia. But Reed represented, however, that fresh evidence of the charges against Arnold were forthcoming and obtained another investigation, which was conducted by a court-martial, which rendered its verdict which agreed in every particular with the finding of the committee of congress; but for two trivial charges preferred against him—that once in a hurry he granted a pass which some due forms were overlooked and for having once used government wagons standing idle to preserve private property for the enemy—it was decided he should receive a reprimand from Washington. The latter deeming Arnold a victim of persecution couched the reprimand in such terms as made it an eulogy and soon afterward offered Arnold the highest command under himself in the northern army.

But Arnold smarting under the occurrences given above allowed himself to enter upon the cause that blackened his name forever. He made up his mind to give the British possession of the Hudson river which would render the American cause hopeless. He asked and obtained command of West Point and nothing but the capture of Andre prevented his treason from being successful. He fled to the British at New York, receiving a brigadier general's commission in the British army, and a paltry sum of money. He went to England in 1782, and his last days were embittered by remorse.

ROMULUS AND REMUS

Please give a short sketch of the legend of the two young kings who founded Rome—F. B., Gallipolis, O.

Romulus and Remus are said to have been sons of Sylvia, daughter of Numitor, king of Alba, and one of the priestesses of Vesta. By the god Mars she became mother of male twins, whom Amulius, who had usurped the throne of Numitor, ordered to be thrown in the Anio, but the basket containing the two boys, Romulus and Remus, was stranded at the foot of the Palatine hill. Here a she-wolf, attracted by their cries while going down to the river to drink, carried them to her cave and suckled them. Faustulus, the king's herdsman, found them by chance, and took them home where they were educated. When the boys had grown up, Romulus deprived Amulius of his throne and reinstated Numitor. Then the brothers decided to build a city. Romulus resolved to construct it on the Palatine, Remus on the Aventine, or on another hill three or four miles down the Tiber. They determined to reach a decision by consulting the augurs. Each took his station on his favorite hill, the night passed away, and at first break of day Remus saw six vultures, but at sunrise when this news was brought to Romulus, twelve vultures flew by him. Each claimed the augury in his favor; but as their companions decided in favor of Romulus his brother was forced to yield. Romulus, to outline the boundary of the city, yoked a bullock and a heifer to a plow, marked a deep furrow around the base of the Palatine, and guided by this line began to raise a wall. Remus leaped over the rude rampart in scorn, whereupon the enraged Romulus slew him. Another tradition says that Remus fled from the anger of his brother beyond the Alps, and founded Rheims. Romulus was immediately struck with remorse, and could obtain no rest until he appeased his brother's shade by instituting the festival of Lemuria for the souls of the departed.

According to tradition Romulus ascended to heaven in the company of the gods, after he had completed the work of founding the eternal city; and until the introduction of Christianity, Rome worshipped its founder, in temples expressly dedicated to him.

POSTAL CHANGES

Please give the changes of the rates of postage in the United States from the beginning to the present time. Also, what is the postage on printed matter sent to England?—T. P., Beattyville, Ky.

From 1792 to 1845 the postage on mail matter in the United States was very high, ranging from six cents to 25 cents on letters, according to the distance. In the latter year it was reduced to five cents for 3,000 miles or less, and 10 cents for greater distances. In 1851 it was made three cents for 3,000 miles, if prepaid, and five cents if not prepaid. The rates were doubled for greater distances. In 1863 an uniform rate was established for all distances. This rate was three cents and it was reduced 20 years later to two cents.

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I have cured thousands. I can cure you if you come to me before it is too late.

I have decided to distribute 500 free treatments **absolutely without charge**, to Catarrh sufferers. I want you to see my method, know what I have done for others. My life has been spent in the study of CATARRH, its Causes and Cure. Now I offer to share with you my experience and knowledge of the subject. I have been successful. I want YOU to profit by my success by taking advantage of my offer—a free treatment for Catarrh, gladly given to sufferers from the disease.

Don't delay. Write immediately. A postcard, with your address upon it, sent off NOW will secure one of the free treatments. An envelope containing your address put in this mail will bring you what you have longed for, but despaired of—a cure for Catarrh. Tomorrow may be too late. Be one of the fortunate people to get one of these free treatments for Catarrh. Write right now.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston.

CLEVELAND'S CONGRESS

What parties had control of the lower and upper houses of congress during Cleveland's second administration?—L. H. N., Langsville, O.

The upper house of the first congress of Cleveland's second administration contained 88 Republicans and 44 Democrats, the lower house had 126 Republicans, and 220 Democrats. The second congress of his administration was made up of 42 Republicans and 39 Democrats in the senate, and 246 Republicans and 104 Democrats in the house of representatives.

THE VICE PRESIDENTS

Please give the list of the people who have held the office of vice president of this country to Benjamin Harrison's term.—J. H., Morenci, Mich.

The history of the vice presidents of the United States contains many matters of interest. John Adams was vice president during Washington's administrations, and when Adams became president, Thomas Jefferson followed him in the vice presidency. Aaron Burr occupied the office during Jefferson's first term, and George Clinton, of New York, during the second, and continued under Madison until his death, April 20, 1812. William H. Crawford, of Georgia, was acting vice president and president pro tem. of the senate. Madison's second term began March 4, 1813, with Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, as vice president, and he also died in office, John Gaillard, of South Carolina, becoming acting vice president, and president pro tem. of the senate. Daniel D. Tompkins, of New York, was vice president during both of Monroe's terms. When John Quincy Adams was elected, John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, succeeded to the second place, and continued in it under Jackson until the rupture, when he resigned, December 28, 1832, the only instance of a vice president ever resigning. Martin Van Buren, of Tennessee, succeeded him. Martin Van Buren, of New York, was vice president during Jackson's second term, and when he succeeded to the chief magistracy Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, followed him. John Tyler was the first vice president who became president by the death of that official, and after Harrison's decease and Tyler's elevation, Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, and Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina, became acting vice presidents. In the administrations of Polk, George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, was vice president; Millard Fillmore, of New York, who occupied that office, became president on the death of Zachary Taylor, and William R. King, of Alabama, was elected acting vice president, and was elected vice president on the ticket with Franklin Pierce. King died in office, and David R. Atchison, of Missouri, and Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, were chosen acting vice presidents until the end of the term. Bright was subsequently expelled from the United States senate in 1862 for disloyalty. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was Buchanan's vice president. In Lincoln's first term Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was vice president, and when the assassin's bullet had made a martyr of the great, simple man from Illinois, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, took the reins, and Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, and Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, were acting vice presidents. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, was vice president during General Grant's first term, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was elected vice president in 1872. He died in office, and Thomas W. Ferry, of Michigan, was chosen by the senate as president of that body. William A. Wheeler, of New York, was elected vice president in 1876, with Mr. Hayes, and in 1880 Chester A. Arthur with Gen. Garfield. On the death of the latter Gen. Arthur became president, and Mr. Bayard was chosen to the vacancy and acted for a very brief period, and then David Davis, of Illinois, was elected president of the senate, and therefore acting vice president. Mr. Edmunds succeeded him. Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884, and Mr. Hendricks was chosen vice president at the same time, and was such at the time of his death. Senators Sherman and Ingalls then acted as vice president.

MARCUS A. HANNA

I would like to have you publish a biography of M. A. Hanna.—H. S. W., Veru, Ind.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the American politician, was born September 24, 1837, and died in 1904. He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland and afterwards took a year's course in the Western Reserve universlay. He left college to enter the grocery trade with his father and later had entire control of the business. He then became interested in a firm which handled coal and iron. He extended the work of this firm and was the first to build steel steamships for lake trade. In 1. Hanna became the controlling partner of the firm, and acquired large interests in lake navigation. He was for a time manager of a theatre, connected with one of the banks of Cleveland, and had something to do with a street railway. In 1880 Hanna organized a business men's political club, and from that time was active in politics. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican national convention, and four years later was John Sherman's political manager. It was he who conducted the Presidential campaign for William McKinley and which resulted in the election of that person. Hanna became United States senator to succeed Sherman in 1897, and the following year was elected to serve a full term. As a large employer of labor Hanna had a large number of questions to settle with his own employes, and as a rule won their respect and confidence by his fairness and willingness to listen to their claims. He was a firm believer in arbitration between labor and capital, and was active in the organization of the National Civic Federation.

MISCELLANEOUS

O. S., Chapman's Run, Pa.—New York is the greatest buckwheat producing state. Pennsylvania ranks next.

J. S., Dillsburg, Pa.—The Marquis of Queensberry rules came into use with the adoption of gloves. Under these wrestling and hugging are prohibited, the time of each round is limited to three minutes, with intervals of one minute between each round, with a space of 10 seconds within which a man knocked off his feet may recover and be brought back to the fighting line.

W. H. H., Drakesboro, Ky.—After a writer has had his stories published gratis in a paper he may collect them and have them copyrighted.

A. J. H., LaFollette, Tenn.—The capital of Alaska is Juneau.

M. J. W., Mt. Morris, Mich.—See an attorney for what you want to know.

W. H. C., Russiaville, Ind.—We cannot give you a sketch of the life of Wm. H. Lewis.

G. W. T., Daltonville, Pa.—An article on obtaining admission to West Point was published in the Question Bureau of The Blade of Oct. 20.

C. W. R., Butler, Mo.—Roosevelt did not fight at the battle of Santiago.

Amazing Marriages.

Maurice Maeterlinck in the Forum.

The marriage customs of insects are dreadful and, contrary to what happens in every other world, here it is the female of the counle who stands for strength and intelligence and also for cruelty and tyranny, which appear to be their inevitable consequence. Almost every wedding ends in the violent and immediate death of the husband. Often the bride first eats a certain number of suitors. The type of these fantastic unions could be supplied by the Languedocian scorpions, who, as we know, carry lobster claws and a long tail supplied with a sting, the prick of which is extremely dangerous. They have a prelude to the festival in the shape of a sentimental stroll, claw in claw; then, motionless, with fingers still gripped, they contemplate each other blissfully, interminably, and day and night pass over their ecstasy, while they remain face to face, petrified with admiration. Next, the foreheads come together and touch; the insatiable creature sometimes consumes seven or eight running) while they press her passionately to their heart. Her inconce vable kisses devour, not metaphorically, but in an appallingly real fashion, the ill-fated choice of her soul or her stomach. She begins with the head, goes down to the thorax, and does not ston till she comes to the hind-legs, which she deems too tough. She then pushes away the unfortunate remains, while a new lover, who was quietly awaiting the end of the monstrous banquet, heroically comes forward to undergo the same fate.

Still Greater Steamships

SIR WILLIAM WHITE, a famous authority on marine architecture and conditions in shipbuilding, recently published in the engineering supplement of the London Times a lengthy statement of the progress made and planned in the construction of immense steamships. It was an interesting review of the development of huge vessels, from the Great Eastern down to the latest monster definitely decided upon and planned.

It appears, that the giant Olympic, building in Belfast, Ireland, for the White Star line, which was described in these columns a short time ago, is not to remain the largest vessel in the world for more than a few months. First place in size and tonnage is to be taken by a German corporation, the great Hamburg-American company.

The immense ship which is to win the championship of the seas for Germany, in point of size, though not in speed, has not been named, but its dimensions are decided upon. It will be 910 feet long or 28 feet more than the Olympic measures. The breadth will be 95 feet against 92½ for the White Star giant, and the depth of the German ship will be 64 feet, or hal fa foot less than that of the Olympic.

The registered tonnage of the Hamburg-American company's monster ship will be 45,000 tons, which will exceed by 1,700 tons the measurement of the greatest ship built or building in Great Britain. In the weight of the water displaced the German ship will show a like advantage beyond any other vessel, with an increase of 2,000 tons. No less than 52,000 tons of water will have to get out of the way to make a place for the Hamburg line's new giant of the seas.

By comparison with the largest of the steamships now in service the mammoth German vessel will exhibit much greater differences. It will be 120 feet longer than the Mauretania or the Lusitania, 7 feet wider and 3½ feet deeper. The displacement of the new giant will be 13,000 tons more and its gross tonnage will also show a gain of 13,000 tons over either of the biggest Cunard ships.

These differences are great enough to make the German steamer outclass the largest British ships now in commission, except in speed and power. Neither the Olympic, building for the White Star line, nor the new Hamburg line vessel will come near the horsepower or the speed of the Lusitania and Mauretania.

The intention in building these massive ships is to give them great capacity for cargo carrying as well as for passengers. They will be very fast—from 21 to 22 knots an hour, for sustained great speed, at sea, which means about 24½ to 26 miles such as are used on land—but they will make no effort to break any records for quick time across the Atlantic, falling short about 3½ to 4½ knots of matching the pace of the present champions of the ocean.

In luxurious appointments and in steadiness and comfort the heaviest and biggest steamships ever built are expected to equal or exceed all previous achievements of the marine architects. They will have everything except extreme speed to attract the most exacting and profitable patronage which Atlantic liners can obtain.

Compared with the largest lake freighters, such a ship as the new Hamburg-American monster will show an excess of about 50 per cent in length, more than that difference in breadth and depth, double the speed and about five times the gross measured tonnage. In cargo capacity the difference will probably prove to be much less, perhaps not over 50 per cent. Lake freighters are much lighter in proportion to their dimensions, and they have much less in their holds to interfere with cargo-space.

The most extraordinary difference, however, is in cost. The newest giants of the White Star and Hamburg-American companies will represent the investment of about $7,500,000 apiece, which is perhaps 15 times the cost of the biggest lake freighters and not less than six times the cost of any vessel of any kind on these inland seas.

In some points the lake vessels will still beat the world. They can carry more freight in proportion to their cost and they can be loaded and unloaded more rapidly. They surpass any ocean vessels in moving freight at wonderfully low cost for every mile in proportion to the merchandise transported. Nowhere else does it cost so little to move a ton a mile as it does on the great lakes, and that is a very vital test of marine efficiency.

Cured Splint

"I have used Sloan's Liniment on a fine mare for splint and cured her. This makes the third horse I've cured. Have recommended it to my neighbors for thrush and they say it is fine. I find it the best Liniment I ever used. I keep on hand your Sure Colic Cure for myself and neighbors, and I can certainly recommend it for Colic."—S. E. SMITH, McDonough, Ga.

Cured Thrush.

MR. R. W. PARISH, of Bristol, Ind., R. No. 2, writes:—"I have used lots of your Liniment for horses and myself. It is the best Liniment in the world. I cured one of my horses of thrush. Her feet were rotten; the frogs came out; she laid down most of the time. I thought she would die, but I used the Liniment as directed and she never lies down in the daytime now."

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should be in every stable and applied at the first sign of lameness. You don't need to rub, it penetrates. Will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

The Time to Buy

The time to buy a thing that is wanted is when the opportunity presents itself and the price is right. There are opportunities presented in The Blade's advertising columns from week to week that readers of the paper should not overlook. Blade advertisements should not be neglected. A letter or a postal card addressed to an advertiser may result in a satisfactory purchase.

The herring, it is said, lays 45,000 eggs at a time, but it does not cackle.

A Chicago lecturer says, "man is a useless creature." Evidently she's forgotten her father.

Aeronaut Johnstone is welcome to his glory. Our idea of no place to go is two miles up in the air.

The mayor of Indianapolis is taking goat's milk for dyspepsia. His must be a pretty bad case.

The Portugal republic is going to have a lot of trouble creating enough offices to supply the demand.

Laura Jean Libbey tells the girls to insist upon kissless courtships. All in favor of the motion say aye.

"Kiss the baby on top of his head," advises a sanitary physician. But why kiss the baby at all? He doesn't like it.

Here is a comforting thought from a Virginia judge. He holds that a bankrupt can hold his title to a cemetery lot.

The Wright boys seem to have the safe system. They make the flying machines and let somebody else do the flying.

"Portugal is going to give out divorces for the asking." But is that the way to establish a safe and sane republic?

Horace Fletcher recommends that milk should be chewed. What a bother it would be to follow the advice of that man.

The treasury department finds a great demand for one dollar bills. They are always popular at this season of the year.

It is claimed that the North Pole was discovered in 1360. That was a long time before the discovery of the lecture platform.

President Taft is to get a Rhode Island turkey for Thanksgiving. Horace Vose's turkey farm is a non-partisan affair.

Any spiritualist who has Prof. James coming back and discussing the hereafter in baseball language will be open to suspicion.

The United States is saving $15,000,000 a year now. This will make the Democrats more anxious than ever to get hold of the offices.

Laura Jean Libbey's declaration that she has never been in love leads to the suspicion that she has missed a lot of mellow moonlight.

Most of the people who live to be ninety and a hundred years of age do not tell us any stories about worrying on account of germ theories.

A Pennsylvania football player had his jaw broken in a game, thus jeopardizing his chances of ever becoming a successful politician.

The United States bought a million pounds of human hair from Japan last year. None of it, however, could be used by the red-headed widows of Texas.

The Interstate Commerce Commission holds that cake is not a necessity, but the small boy hopes the same stand will not be taken in reference to jam.

Naturally the woman who was able to pick up a husband here and there, until she had accumulated half a dozen, felt justified in saying that man is easy.

"Someone says," remarks the Philadelphia Inquirer, "that the perfect woman of the future will be a mother." What's the matter with being a grandmother?

Great Britain, Germany and Spain are complaining about the high cost of living, but the people of these countries are not blaming it on the Republicans.

Among the stories that didn't come true is that of the California woman who used a stick of dynamite on her washboard, thinking it was soap. There was no explosion.

William Randolph Hearst has had a unique experience among campaign speakers. The ceiling of the hall in which he was talking fell down. Some orators would point with pride to such a record.

Pauline Wayne, Mr. Taft's new cow, has arrived in Washington. Notwithstanding her presence will add to the White House chores no doubt the president will find time to leave home now and then.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood is enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness at the age of 80. Mrs. Lockwood was twice a candidate for president, almost equaling the record of William Jennings Bryan.

THE NON-WEAR-OUT.

About twenty-five years ago a young man in public office was cautioned by his superior.

"There's plenty of work to do," he said, "but you can't do all of it and you're not expected to. Better slow up or you'll wear out in no time."

The young man is still working and his speed, if anything, is accelerated. In the quarter century, he has reformed civil service service reform, made honesty respectable in the New York police department, energized the navy department, climbed a certain steep hill in Cuba, governed a state and a short time after administered a country. To fill in the gaps he has written books, lectured a little, preached a lot, given lessons in horsemanship, quarreled with senators, flayed rich malefactors, expressed distaste for muck-rakers and nature-fakers, hunted Rocky mountain goats, conducted a campaign for his successor and coined many happy catch-phrases. After his "bully time" was over he slaughtered game in Africa, told the Egyptians to behave and the English to play the part of men, and came home to—rest? Why, no! He came home to work. He has made three speech-making tours, not to mention those necessary to bring about the downfall of certain impudent political bosses, written editorials, raced about for exercise and set the teeth of Wall street upon edge.

His old boss thought he'd soon wear himself out. He didn't know a specially constructed, high-powered, indestructible human steam-engine when he saw one. Probably—if he could be reached where some time ago he went to—he'd say now the man was immortal.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

An aeronaut was killed in plain sight of crowds at a country fair in the south. The horror of it was a matter of discussion for the state newspapers for a week. No one who saw the accident will ever forget it and with many it will serve, as such events do, as a point from which they date time.

The pitiful, broken body of the aeronaut was buried the next day. He was a boy scarcely more than 20. In the funeral party were but three persons—the undertaker, his assistant and the aeronaut's manager.

The public has been going through a long process of hardening. The circuses have provided all sorts of hair-raising features with bicycles and automobiles, "stunts" which make the graceful acrobatics of trapeze performers seem about as dangerous as risks taken by boys "skinning the old cat." Before these were the parachute leaps. The automobile races followed, and now we have the aeroplane contests to give everyone an opportunity to get a comfortable seat and view death in action. At the Belmont races it was not the birdmen who had added to the knowledge of aerial navigation who drew the most attention and applause, but those who had been most reckless and in greatest peril of their lives. The gladiator with a record for both skill and caution probably stood less high in the esteem of the Roman populace than he upon whose body were the welts of ghastly wounds.

Painters have used leagues of canvas to show great battle scenes. They have been extremely economical of canvas to show the fields after battle. The fall of the aeronaut is a picture that has a thrill to it. No one would care for that of the little funeral party—the coffin and the three men.

A CHANCE TO BE THOROUGH.

The aid which society women are giving to striking garment workers, instances having attracted much attention in New York and Chicago, may be evidences of a broadening sympathy—the coming of the real sisterhood. It is pleasant to think so, certainly.

One of the names which was prominent in the New York strike was that of a member of the household of the man who dominates a great steel corporation. It is a matter of governmental record that this company works its men twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, thirty and thirty-one days in the month. It is constantly in the market for young, able-bodied workmen, using them terribly for four or five years and then discarding them broken, exhausted and no longer useful. The husbands and fathers of others of these society women are wealthy—riches and society going together. Their investments must be of all kinds and degrees. One might wonder if the women who believe they are doing an act of sacrifice and virtue by marching with the strikers have seen whether the money they can use so freely does not come from consumptive breeding tenements, from the hands of little people working at looms in dark factories, from mills where machinery runs without protective guards because damage suits are considered less costly than the equipment.

No one would seek to deter society women from doing anything for the betterment of humanity, but it is for them to show that their hearts are stirred not less by the ills of folk whose labor gives them social distinction as by ills possessing possibilities for sensationalism.

REBATING AGAIN.

When the pursuit of the rebaters was at its height the railroad presidents, most of them, said they were glad the evil was brought to a close. They considered it best for themselves that rates should be equable for all, big shipper and little shipper, and they expressed relief that the appeal and the pressure brought to bear upon them for rebates had ceased.

There is reason to question the sincerity of the statements. For, from time to time, evidence is brought forth to show that rebating still exists, is still going on. Ingenious methods are found to cover the evil up and among them none could be more clever than that brought to general knowledge by the indictments of the Hocking Valley Railroad company. Indeed, it may be questioned if the practices of the Hocking really break the law though the effect is substantially that of rebating. Competitors of the Sunday Creek Coal company suffered just as much as if the Hocking had sent checks to the offices of the coal corporation instead of writing off the freight bills, or exchanging bonds against the debts.

The "commodities clause" of the Hepburn bill was not written because it was considered bad for a railroad company to own other industries than that purely of transportation. It was written because these subsidiary industries were given virtually monopolistic advantages and competitors were put to the choice of selling out to the railroads or going into bankruptcy.

GETTING HARDENED.

There was a time in the history of Chicago when such revelations of jury-bribing, as have recently been made public property would have roused the city to a tempest of horror and indignation. But all the big type; all the "scare-heads" and the yelling of newsboys scarce raise the pulse of the average citizen of Chicago. The reason is that he has become hardened. He has gone through a long course of training and looks for little that is decent in anything which is associated with politics and the governmental machinery.

This dulled sense of protest, this indifference, is the price paid for administrative crime condoned and accepted as among the things expected. It is a fearful price, the most menacing element beating at the walls of free and honest institutions. If jury-bribing, like council-bribing and legislator-bribing, may enter into the trial of every case, it is no step at all to the judge on the bench, the jailer across the street and the prison warden. Indeed, could these men be reached the jurymen might have to peddle their dishonor and still not find a purchaser. They wouldn't be worth bothering about.

TACK HAMMER SURGERY.

The Georgia negro who attempted to cure blindness by driving a tack into the head of the patient believed, possibly, that he could bring about a cure. Mutilation as a part of the box of tricks of unofficial medicine was practiced not so long ago to the general knowledge of everyone and, once in a while, in that fetid swamp of humanity through which police reporters must occasionally wade, evidence is brought forth which shows that the superstition still lingers.

Dublin judges within the last quarter of century had to deal with a case of the sort which was no shameful secret between a quack and his dupe, but was shared by an entire neighborhood. George Catlin tells how the Mandan Indians chopped off joints of their fingers and trusted thereby to relieve disease and to guard against ills in the future. The trepaning of the ancient Peruvians, whose punctured skulls may be seen in the National Museum at Washington, probably developed this surgery not to relieve injury to the brain, but to cure ailments in other parts of the body. Doubtless the patients, under the new affliction, forgot their earlier sufferings. This was sufficient satisfaction for the medics of the time.

The Georgia negro was arrested and he will probably be severely punished. He had not the foresight to elevate his practice into a religious pseudo-scientific cult. Had he done so he would not only escape, but gain a new following—possibly the judge as number one.

OCTOBER WATCH AWARD.

John Wyckhopp, of Bedford, Iowa, won The Blade watch premium for the month of October. Mr. Wyckhopp's list of names numbered 118.

A FASHION WEARING OUT.

The threatened revolution in Uruguay brings to the attention the fact that deep peace has brooded over most of the republics for a long time. Revolution would appear to be going out of style and to have fallen under the disfavor of the best regulated nations. Save in Colombia and Venezuela, civil strife has been absent for years. There must be children in parts of the continent who have never seen men try to pot one another, and are entirely unfamiliar with the higher arts of arson.

If the people of Uruguay live up to tradition their rebellion will be a real one, not one of the affairs where troops march out and then march back again and call it a war. They shoot to kill. They draw the machete to do personal hurt. They set fire to acres and acres of growing crops and hamstring the cattle with ruthlessness. This fashion of warfare has been explained by the infusion of Brazilian politics into the public business of the country. It has made two strong factions and either side can do butchery with the whole-heartedness of a Japanese soldier bayoneting a Russian.

Time was when such an example in Uruguay would start an enthusiastic foray on the government in Argentina. Chile would rise, perhaps Bolivia, and then the Peruvians would drop everything in order to destroy the tyrants and elevate some new ones. But the fire doesn't catch any more. It is easily confined to one building. Any land, however hot-headed, will grow tired in time of one unchanging diet of bullets.

"I WANT THE BABY."

The wife of a traveling man in Kansas City was asking for a divorce. No objections appear to have been raised, but the man demanded possession of his child.

"The child," spoke up the wife, "is an adopted one." She told then of having taken a homeless babe from a hospital and mothering it in place of her own which had died at birth, the husband being then away from home.

"That's a new one on me," said the defendant. "I don't believe the story. But, anyway I want the baby."

The good God who made the love between parent and child as the most beautiful of his roses, guarded it jealously against cruelty and pitifulness. Flesh of one own's flesh twines no closer among the heart strings than the little hands of other flesh. It is not written so in the drama or in fiction, but it is so in the book of life. "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds," is as true in such case as this as in that of which the poet had in mind.

"Anyway, I want the baby," said the man. Of course, he did.

A POOR TEST.

Major-General Frederick D. Grant lived for three days upon the emergency ration most recently adopted by the army. This consists of chocolate liquor, nuclecasein, malted milk, desiccated eggs, sugar and cocoa butter. The general ate but one day's allowance and says that he found this sufficient.

We have a very distinct remembrance of the figure of General Grant when he was here at the army tournament. It is to be described most gently as one with a good deal of reserve flesh. He ought to be able to go through quite a siege of starvation without feeling like gnawing at his leather belt. Three days on a ration of a glass of water and a soda cracker should no more than put a mild edge upon his appetite. But the effect upon General Grant must naturally be different than that upon a slim cavalryman who has not even a localized obesity. Food with him is a passion, a constant appreciation and longing. Of all the trumpet calls, he is fondest of that summoning him to mess. The bass drum is hollow, but as compared with a trooper in from a practice march it is as close grained all through as a piece of shellbark hickory.

What General Grant thinks of the emergency ration isn't even interesting. The real test is the opinion of the soldier thirty days from the possibility of getting credit at the little pie shop.

OUT OF THE PAST.

The name of Jasper E. Brady has suddenly popped up out of the pit of obscurity and stands again all bright and shining like a new set of false teeth. Brady—now Colonel Brady—has been talking loosely and then after the records were looked into, has been talking conservatively. But these are present and trivial incidents. Brady's star shone brightest in a younger and more romantic day. He is part of a colorful past. It is an anachronism to bring him back to stupid, sordid times of peace.

Jasper Brady was military censor of press dispatches at Tampa when troops were concentrated amid the swamp water and sand fleas before the descent upon southern Cuba. It was his business to see that facts stayed strictly at Tampa. At least that was the way he interpreted his orders. If Spanish spies—unnumbered legions they were—snooped around the camp and a long-legged correspondent raced to the telegraph office with the sensation, Brady let it go through if the story were altered to one about a negro washerwoman falling over a tent rope. If Billy Jones of company C was taken with colic and it was thought the folks at home would be interested, Brady read secret ciphers in the message and canceled it. He was slayer, butcher, assassin of news matter, autocrat, tyrant, czar, officious, pernicious and an undesirable—but not a word of protest from tearful cubs or profanity from the practiced art of barnacled police reporters ruffled one hair on Jasper's plastered pate. He was boss. He was it. He was the United States, the world, the universe. He was more—he was the War. He knew the fact fully, in every detail.

And now Colonel Brady has been guilty of failing to censor his own words. It doesn't matter though. For the colonel can never be to us of this realm, but only native to the pleasant land of reminiscence.

TRUSTS IN PATENTS.

In the course of the inquiry into the so-called "bath-tub trust" it was brought out that three patents which governed the business of from five to ten million dollars had cost but $6,000.

This is but another illustration of the trust building possibilities which lie in patents. It has been charged that one line of industry is entirely monopolized because a small group of stockholders are the owners of certain patents and can absolutely prevent the application of improved machinery to practical life, the practice being to buy up the new inventions and make no use of them. The manufacturers are then compelled to buy or lease the old machinery and the public is robbed of the benefits of invention, though the public issues special rights for the purpose of gaining such benefits.

It should be the duty of congress to overhaul the patent laws in order that they may fit the altered economic conditions. It is ridiculous that the people should give rewards for mechanical betterments and fail to gain anything for themselves from such improvements.

UNSCIENTIFIC UNCLE SAM.

People who live in the tropics have to be thoughtful as to the state of their lives. It is advisable to abstain from heavy foods, the lighter the better. We know these things because they have been written about in fiction, books of travel and medical reports accompanied by figures and citations of awful examples.

But what does Uncle Sam honestly care about the lives of his sons and daughters in the Philippines? Nothing at all, for he is carrying out his yearly practice of loading a ship with material for the Thanksgiving dinner in the islands. Thirty-seven hundred turkeys, 40 barrels of cranberries, 600 pounds of mincemeat and 200 boxes of red apples have been packed into the refrigerators. There is also canned milk from Washington, prunes from Oregon, oranges from California, beef from the Dakotas, pork from Iowa, mutton from Wyoming, butter from Minnesota and eggs from Wisconsin. Enough to founder the ship, or, if the ship escapes, to founder the army. All this we know to be very bad for folk in the tropics. It will strain belts and cause the guard to turn out very, very listlessly. It will make eyelids droop and increase the natural irritation of the doctors at sick-call the next morning. Uncle Sam ought to know better—but some way or other we haven't the nerve to say he ought to do better.

LAGGING BEHIND.

The recommendations of the chief signal officer of the regular army call attention to the fact that, while the American war department was the first to perceive a military value in the aeroplane, it has lost interest after buying one machine from the Wright brothers. This aeroplane, together with one dirigible balloon and three small captive balloons, constitute the aerial equipment of the army.

It is a matter of history that Ericcson's inventions were rejected as impracticable by the naval bureaus many, many months before the confederates had begun to ram federal warships with crude and cranky ironclads. Among the instructions to captains of vessels for years after the civil war was one to the effect that sail should be employed instead of steam unless conditions made the use of coal imperative. In the meantime merchant craft throughout the world was ceasing to put dependence upon windpower. The change from the heavy to the light rifle was made in the American army only after Europe had demonstrated the possibilities of high powered, small calibre weapons. Even in the matter of organization the war department has notoriously trailed behind those of other nations.

The country pays enough for the army and navy to have the best. And only the best will do when real need for them comes. The bureaus of Washington, in spite of the lessons of the past, take another view of the case.

NO NEED OF HASTE.

It is just as well that America did not hasten to recognize the new republic of Portugal. For it may prove only a republic in name. The soldiery which caused the downfall of the monarchy and robbed Manuel of his last hope has decided to make the best of its power. Demands are made for a division of loot. The government is called upon to bow to the army and navy as the real masters. Military dictatorship has been assumed in a number of sections of the country, and the government, being unable to prevent these assumptions of authority, conveniently pigeonholes the complaints.

In Portugal and Spain and in the colonies of these countries pillage has gone hand in hand with government. It is a part of the tradition of the race, dating back to the conquest of the Moors, the adventures of Pizarro and Cortez and the piracies of De Gama. Everyone in power has felt that this was immediate license to graft. The huge debt of Portugal was piled up by successive ministries of grafters. Carlos, father of Manuel, was about as cool a hand at the business as anyone in his country.

Portugal is going through an ordeal and the hardest part of the ordeal is overcoming time-honored crookedness, which is associatd in that country with office. The new republic will be recognized by the United States in time, but there is no necessity for haste in the matter.

AN ENGLISH HANDICAP.

The competition between British and American automobiles in South Africa is all in favor of the American makes, not because the loyalty of the colonists is lessening, but because most of the American automobiles put on sale there have a wheel gauge of 4-foot, 8-inch. This is exactly the gauge of the ox wagons which for more than a century have been engaged in wearing ruts in the scenery of the country. When the automobilist takes to a road he has all the advantage of a track fitted perfectly to the width of his car. Then, too, the American cars have a safe clearance, the manufacturers in this country having to consider roads of notoriously varying qualities. The English maker, on the other hand, constructs machines for home highways which are famous for their uniformity and smoothness. In South Africa a car of small clearance may start out bravely and yet be ripped to pieces by the first stony section in the road. It is not necessary in England to worry about thank-ye-ma'ams. Here they are not only of natural origin, but some are made by the hands of people with dislikes or grievances. So, long springs are a vital part of automobiles. Long springs are adjusted to the comfort of the South Afrikanders. They can't do without them.

If there is a moral to these facts it is that good roads are not good for the export business.

The wild oats crop is always about the same, from one year to another.

When the Wright boys begin to carry freight by aeroplane, look out below.

It is not easy to understand why those English balloonists should want to fly to Russia.

In the case of French cabinets history is pretty sure to repeat itself at regular intervals.

With apologies to the Atchison Globe, what has become of the old-fashioned mother who hid the jam?

When some women start out to visit the neighbors their husbands expect them to come home with a lot of news.

Mules are being shipped from this country to China. As a civilizing influence the American mule has some reputation.

When a man publicly denies that he is going to marry a woman it would be the gallant thing for him to add that it is not his fault.

Cornelius Vanderbilt announces that he had a glorious sensation in an aeroplane. Those who light right always report having had a good time.

The treasury department has decided to print more dollar bills. On the dollar bills now in circulation the germs are too closely crowded for comfort.

The story is told of a woman who lost fifty pounds by living on an exclusive diet of spinach and cauliflower. It's our idea that the cauliflower did it.

A writer on domestic topics asks: "Why is corporal punishment so seldom visited by parents upon their children these days?" Maybe it is because they don't want to disturb the neighbors.

Secretary Newton, of the St. Louis Municipal commission, advises wives to insist on a daily fumigation of their husband's whiskers and mustaches before indulging in osculation. We presume that the same precautions should be observed with regard to other women's husbands.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE LITTLE LION AND BIG DOG

Uniform Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 13 Is "World's Temperance Lesson." Matt. 24:32-51.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A short time ago in the Berlin Zoological Gardens, I saw a lion's cub and a grown dog in the same cage together. The dog was bullying the baby lion most thoroughly. It knocked the little beast over, and snapped it on various parts of the body, and in general played the part of a bully to perfection. A little boy was greatly moved by the ill treatment of the young "king of beasts."

"Never mind," said his father; "this will not be for long. Some day the cub will awake to the knowledge that it is a lion and that its tormenter is only a dog, and that will be the end of Mr. Dog."

The incident illustrated perfectly the temperance situation in North America. The general public is a lion, albeit young and unconscious of its strength. Yet it has suffered inconscionable imposition and bulldozing and terrorizing from the saloon power, which, after all, is only an ill-bred dog. The latter has played master in politics, industrialism and society. There are now many signs that the lion is awakening, and that the indignities it has too long endured are coming to an end. The widespread assertion of popular rights is having an immediate effect in the direction of the suppression of the baneful power of the saloon. The people have taken hold of the political and social and economic end of the liquor question with rigor.

A Vast Educational Machine.

As this is World's Temperance Sunday it may be pointed out that an influential agency in the present state of general opinion upon temperance has been this widespread organ zation, with more than 25,000,000 members, which has at least four times a year drilled into the plastic minds of its younger pupils the evils of intemperance. This has been an educational propaganda of immeasurable value. One might almost venture to say that any true cause which is systematically championed in the Sunday schools of the world is certain to win its way within two generations.

There are many ways of shaping public opinion nowadays; nevertheless, the less conspicuous are the most potent. The newspaper does not mould anything like the power of the teacher. When that teacher is laboring earnestly to impart a strong moral impulse, as well as a body of knowledge to youth at the most receptive period, he holds the future in his grasp. That is why various good causes try so assiduously to get themselves included in the curriculum of the Sunday schools and of the Sunday school. The temperance cause is in both; and the cause of liquor has few, if any, champions in these most influential quarters. The issue is obvious.

A Far-Flung Battle Line.

The reaches of moral teachings of the most advanced and active Christians upon practical questions are wider than most persons consider. In Turkey, where smoking is general among men, women and children, the Christian missionaries are generally a non-smoking, as well as a non-drinking body. In consequence, the Protestant Christians, even without admonition from their leaders, abstain from the use of tobacco as well as liquor. The advanced ideas of North America are projected into peoples who are far behind in most respects that go to make up modern civilization.

There are various consequences of this. One is that a self-restraint and manifest refinement often results. A young college man lately traveling in Asia Minor was so disgusted with many of the native ways that he fell quite into the habit of saying with American hyperbole, "the brutes." When he met an American Protestant pastor he commented upon the difference in the man's very features. There was written refinement, unselfishness, spirituality. He was a "living epistle," intelligible even to an alien eye.

In this connection it is but fair to say that the missionary influence abroad has been a wholesome corrective of the effect of many other white men who are addicted to overindulgence in intoxicants. I recently clipped a news paragraph from the London Daily Mail, which lies before me as I write, and it is aptly headed, "Bane and Ant dote." It tells of the departure from Boston of a band of missionaries for the west coast of Africa in the same ship that carried 20,000 gallons of New England rum. If it were not for the missionaries it would be a sorry impression altogether that civilization would make upon the backward races.

High Motives for Ordinary Life.

The fact is undeniable that Christianity brings to bear upon the race new impulses, and erects within the spirits of mankind new ideals. There is nothing rational in a "World's Temperance Sunday" for the church and Sunday school. In this they are strictly attending to their own business. For the gospel has to do with the ordinary relationships of human beings. It is in the business of creating new men and women. Cleanness, sobriety, chastity, self-denial, have been cardinal virtues in all ages. As the letters of Paul make clear, Christianity stands for a type of character in contrast with that of the old, dissolute nations.

This is vividly brought home to the notice of a traveler in Bible lands. I am writing this article in Iconium, the city where Paul was once mobbed. I have visited five of the seven churches of Asia, to which admonitions are addressed in the Revelation. Why is it that these once flourishing cities—proud Ephesus, where Diana was splendidly worshipped; Sardis, where Croesus reigned; Iconium, which boasted of being the first spot to emerge after the deluge—are now of interest chiefly for their ruins?

What laid low the power of this proud Rome, I asked myself as my horse jogged down the echoing marble highway, littered with broken columns at Ephesus, while the only habitation in sight was a shepherd's hut? It was self-indulgence. Rome "did as it pleased"—and is now but a memory. Christianity taught purity, self-denial, love and lo, it reigns in increasing power over the greater part of the earth. The callow youth who sneers at the old-fashioned virtues of his mother's religion should go to the library and get a volume of general history. No drunken, self-pleasing nation ever had a long life. The reason the outlook for the Turkish empire seems dark to many close observers is that the people themselves are not noble, broadminded, pure-souled and fraternal.

The Unexpected Visitant.

There is no inappropriateness in linking up this temperance theme, as the Lesson Committee have done, to one of Christ's parables of judgment. It was clearly his teaching that the sublime truths of judgment and his return should be brought to bear upon the ordinary relations of people. In that unexpected day what will he find men doing? At some hour when life goes on in its humdrum way. He will ask for the great accounting.

To be ready for Him—that is to "watch"—is to be ready for anything. Only constant and consistent righteousness will avail. Some men go away from home for a visit to a great city and indulge in a "spree," thinking they will never be found out. The fallacy is a stupid one, and it betrays fundamental immorality.

No intermittant godliness and temperance will meet Christ's requirements. His words for his friends is a great exhortation of temperance. "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Price of Ivory Increasing.

Music Trade Review.

Ivory continues to make rapid gains in cost and may sooner or later be in a class with gold. At the sales in Europe the tremendous demand pushes up the price. The allotment for each sale seems to be the same, and with a gaining consumption it is logical to expect a price advance.

This will continue until a substitute ivory is discovered or ivory is secured in greater quantities. Although we buy a great many tusks for piano keys and use the very latest method of cutting and bleaching, the margin of profit in finished key ivory is exceedingly small. With the best of skill in blocking the waste is enormous and there are many other details in connection with key ivory manufacture that require extra time and money.

A North Dakota man 107 years of age is under arrest. Whatever he did he was old enough to have known better.

The Living Temple.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built His blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen,
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulselike waves,
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
With all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marble jointed strong
With glistening and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light.
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals, circling round,
Wake the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feel sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant Thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have snapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NATURE'S FLYERS

THE "birdmen" multiply their wonders from day to day. One week's new records are wiped out the next. They gain in speed, in sustained flight, in the heights to which they climb. A man is only a beginner in the air.

But nature's flyers are still far in the lead, in all respects. They go faster and farther without stopping, and in extreme cases they mount higher. It is worth while to note a few of the wonderful things the winged creatures of the air can do, just by way of getting the true perspective, so to speak, for judging the feats of the aviators in their flying machines.

Homing pigeons have flown 100 miles at the rate of nearly 86 miles an hour, which is 19 miles an hour faster than Leblanc drove his racing aeroplane for about 58 miles last Saturday, when he made new world's records for flying machines.

Pigeons have done better than 60 miles an hour for 300 miles, and they have averaged more than 58 miles an hour for 500 miles at a stretch. Their best time for a flight of 700 miles is over 54 miles an hour. All of these figures are utterly out of the bounds of possibility for flying machines, in their present stage of development.

Yet pigeons are not considered the fastest of birds. Falcons catch them on the wing. Gulls, frigate birds and other marine birds, such as the albatross, are thought to be able to fly longer without stopping and probably faster for any distance, however short or long. Some naturalists believe that frigate birds can average 100 miles an hour for 12 hours at a stretch.

Master aviators glide down from great heights, with their engines shut down, and their skill is as beautiful as their courage and presence of mind are admirable, yet in sailing without apparent effort they are far behind the vultures and hawks and other birds which fly without flapping their wings.

Students of bird flight have watched great vultures all day, in the clear air of North Africa, from the time they left their nests or eyries in the mountains, in the early dawn, until they sailed majestically back to their roosting places at dusk, and not once from early morning until long after sunset have these great birds flapped their wings or stopped sailing about without visible effort. One little vulture, the turkey buzzard, often glides in this way, without apparent exertion, for hours.

It is another vulture, the giant condor of South America, that is believed to soar higher above the level of the sea than any other bird ever goes. These birds sail up among the high peaks of the Andes, probably 15,000 or even 18,000 feet above the ocean. So here again the flyers made by nature have a wide margin of superiority over the daring and really wonderful human climbers into the thin air far above the earth.

At the other extreme of flight, in some respects, from the stately gliding of the great vultures, eagles and hawks, is the almost equally swift flight of the hummingbirds that make their wings buzz with a rapidity such as many insects rely upon to give them their great speed. The motion is so tremendously fast that it looks extremely fatiguing, but many insects fly long distances without stopping.

That many insects are sprinters of the air is well known, but few men or women, it is probable, realize that the common honey bee can fly a mile in a minute, when the little worker is in a great hurry.

The swallows are between the sailing, roaring vultures and hawks and the hummingbird in wing motion, and they, also, are very swift and show great endurance in flight. The petrels, which seldom cease, even for an instant, the beating of their wings seem absolutely tireless in the air.

In all these tests of skill and power and endurance in flight the birds are far ahead of the champion aviators of the world. They are masters competing with raw beginners, but men are gaining fast upon even the hawks and the vultures, in all of the essentials of flying. The future may belong to man, in the air as well as on the ground.

Young Commentators.

London Tit-Bits.

In a Sunday school address a teacher quoted oddities from a number of children's biblical compositions that had been submitted to him in competition for a prize.

Among the more whimsical oddities were:

"Manna is being polite."

"Jerusalem was surrounded with walls to keep in the milk and honey."

"Jacob was a patriarch by trade. In them days people lived on corn, like horses do now. They always called pudden and porridge messes. Jacob could eat a good mess, but Esau, who was the eldest, could not eat as much as you might think. The patriarch Moses never ate nothing except when there was a famine."

A Record Yield of Oats.

Philadelphia Record.

J. D. R. Kunz, of near Titusville, Crawford county, puts in a claim for the record yield of oats. From four acres of land he has threshed 250 bushels of oats weighing 37½ pounds to the bushel. On a calculation of 32 pounds to the bushel his crop averaged 78 bushels to the acre.

Varieties

The best beet root is about one-eighth sugar.

Women are not permitted to be photographed in China.

A ton of ice will cool about 20,000 pounds of water one degree.

Most workers in Switzerland are employed about eleven hours a day.

Russia produces about 95 per cent of the world's platinum.

The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.

In South Australia some of the wheat grows six and a half feet high.

Seven miles is the greatest recorded height ever reached by a balloon.

An ordinary railway engine is equal in strength to nine hundred horses.

Of the 1,023 locomotives built by one firm last year, 197 were electrics.

From an artistic point of view a woman's face is more beautiful when viewed from the left.

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands 200 times a week.

Belgium has enacted a law throwing many safeguards around the use of paint containing white lead.

In Edinburgh waste paper to be placed upon the pavement for the street cleaners must be tied in bundles.

Aunt Laura Haviland, a Quakeress who served as a nurse in the civil war, has a monument at Adrian, Mich.

The manufacture of what is called "American-style" furniture is becoming an important industry in Spain.

Some of the canal employes in Panama have left to seek employment in Brazil in railroad construction, at advanced pay.

It is estimated that 25,000 sables are caught annually in Russia. The skins are disposed of mainly in the London market.

Emma Sansen, a Confederate heroine who guided General Forrest over the mountains, has a statue at Gadsden, Ala.

In Siam men of the high and middle classes as well as women wear long cotton stockings reaching high above the knee.

Sweden has 101,000,000 acres of land. Half of it is forest land. Most of it is private forests. Finland has more forest than Sweden.

Investigation by a French chemist showed that gold boils in an electric furnace at a temperature of 2,400 degrees Centigrade.

Mary Draper Ingals, the first white bride married west of the Alleghenies, has a monument in Fairfield cemetery, Radford, Va.

Kate Shelly, a farmer's daughter of Iowa, has a monument erected in her honor at Dubuque because she saved a train from destruction.

The monument to Pocahontas, which was intended to be erected on Jamestown island by the women of this country, is still in the studio of the sculptor.

Both Harvard and Johns Hopkins universities are trying to find out whether the education of animals is accomplished by imitation or the force of instinct.

Some of the street cleaners' gatherings sold by Glasgow last year were: Clinker, for $81,916; tin, light iron, etc., $26,249; scrap iron, $38,675; waste paper, bottles, $1,279.

The increasing use of oil fuel in the British navy has so polluted some of England's harbors that special regulations have been adoped governing the use while a vessel is in port.

A penal reform league has been established in England to obtain and circulate accurate information concerning criminals and their treatment, and to promote a sound public opinion on the subject.

A Scotch laird once said to his servant John, who had complained of his temper: "I am sure, John, it is no sinner on than it's off." "Aye," said John, "but, laird, it's nae suner off than it's on."

Mrs. John Curran, of St. Louis, president of the Woman's Missouri Development association, is working hard to have the 12,000,000 acres of untilled fertile land in her state brought into cultivation.

Scotland Yard has more than 100,000 finger prints of convicted criminals, and so perfect is the system that the finger print of any convict who is passed through the department can be identified within three minutes.

A recent London police court case brought to general notice a new phase of the outdoor advertising evil. A constable found a man painting "ads" on the pavement, and charged him with "wilfully depositing paint upon the footway." The culprit was discharged.

A Canadian government dredge while at work recently at St. John, Quebec, clearing away the remains of the Royal Sauvage, sunk during the revolution, brought up several interesting relics. Among them were a cannon, two odd looking axes and some coins and buttons.

Rhode Island has a farm on which are located all her state institutions including the state prison, state workhouse and Providence jail. The workhouse prisoners have done much in reclaiming and cultivating land, removing stones, improving the stream and building walls.

In Georgia all the state convicts (1,278) except those confined at the state farm (270) are at work upon the public roads. The letters from the officials at the state farm are women and men not physically able to work upon the roads. The men have under cultivation 1,412 acres and the women (mostly colored) 980 acres.

The Russian authorities, it is stated, have ordered that only Russians may fill the higher offices on the railways of the west border, on which troops would be mobilized in case of war, as well as a very large part of this district is Russian Poland, where Poles naturally hold many positions on the railways, this may result in many changes.

The first electric steel works in Russia have, states the Iron and Coal Trades Review, lately been completed. They are situated in the government of Orel and are intended for the production of special pig iron and more particularly high percentage ferro-chrome and ferro-silicon intended for use in connection with the manufacture of steel for armor plates and projectiles.

Down in Texas a farmer has decided to experiment with the use of electric light for stimulating vegetable growth. He has arranged to procure power from a neighboring plant by which he will supply a network of Tungsten lamps placed 150 feet apart all over the field. These will be ill

THE BRESLIN

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

BROADWAY, CORNER OF TWENTY-NINTH STREET

Most convenient hotel to all Subways and Depots.
Rooms $1.50 per day and upwards with use of baths.
Rooms $2.50 per day and upwards with private bath.
Baggage delivered free from new Pennsylvania Depot.
Best Restaurant in New York City with Club Breakfast and the world famous

"CAFE ELYSEE"

NEW YORK

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not** understand women's sufferings. Only we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you **a complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it **will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost**, my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.** To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the **free ten days' treatment is yours; also the book.** Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

WINS $10,000 BY MARRIAGE

Philadelphian Gets It Through Wager—Bride an Heiress.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 7.—William A. Curran won a wager of $10,000, according to his own statement, when he married Miss Alice Shreve, a Philadelphia heiress, in New York, on Saturday.

The marriage took place in compliance with the terms of the wager within 120 hours from the time he had been granted a divorce from his first wife, he said.

The announcement of the marriage was contained in a letter received by Mrs. C. D. Shreve from her daughter. The letter was written on board the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, on which the young couple sailed for Europe.

Toledo Blade Patterns

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6815 Five Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

6814 Fancy Blouse, 14, 16 and 18 years.

6812 Semi-Fitted Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

6821 Girl's Dress, 8, 10 and 12 years.

6822 Shirt Waist, 34 to 44 bust.

6823 Blouse Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

6826 Girl's Coat, 6, 8 and 10 years.

6815 Girl's Dress, 6, 8 and 10 years.

JAMES W. STRONGHEART WEDS

Noted Indian Marries Girl of Race After Knowing Her One Week.

Appleton, Wis., Nov. 5.—James W. Strongheart, Muskogee, Okla., direct descendant of Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face, graduate of Harvard University with the class of '96 and for two years member of the football squad, while prosecuting an investigation on the Oneida Indian reservation near here in the capacity of legal representative of the International Indian Rights Association, fell to the wiles of Cupid and last night took as his bride Miss Leah Somers, daughter of the wealthiest Indian at Oneida.

Strongheart, after whom the principal character in a current play was written, is assistant counselor for five Indian tribes in Oklahoma, and, although his social affiliations in his home city are entirely with the whites, he declared here that he would not marry a white girl, believing that Indians should not desert their race in matrimony. He met his bride a week before he married her.

WEEPS LONG TO STAY SINGLE

Girl Succeeds in Avoiding Marriage by Shedding Tears Five Days.

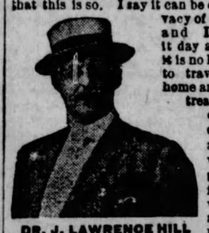
Worcester, Mass., Nov. 7.—Mary Olejnik yesterday escaped marriage with a man whom she did not love because she wept continuously for five days. She was to have become the bride of Edward Jazwieck, of Milwaukee. Jazwieck had persuaded Mary's parents that the marriage would be a good thing. From Tuesday morning until Saturday night the girl wept without stopping, except when she went to sleep. Then the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

Trial Package Free

Every Man or Woman Suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Hacking Cough and Throat or Lung Trouble Should Write at Once.

Dr. Hill Says;

"Consumption is positively and absolutely curable and preventable. All authorities agree that this is so. I say it can be cured in the privacy of your own home, and I am proving it day after day. I say it is no longer necessary to travel away from home and friends. I am treating right today, cases of advanced and desperate consumption, which had been given up by their friends and advised to move to another climate, perhaps to die. But they have remained at home under my 'Rational' Treatment, with results that would quicken the heart of any man to see.



DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL
Snapshot of the Doctor taken a few days ago.

Everyone who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in any form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other deadly symptom of Consumption, should send for a free package of Dr. Hill's New Rational Remedy and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured. This treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new resisting power, appetite, flesh and good health.

Dr. Hill will gladly furnish you with sufficient evidence as to his good standing in Jackson. All throat and lung sufferers should send for free trial package at once. Use coupon below.

TRIAL TREATMENT PACKAGE COUPON

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill,
1796 Hill Building, Jackson, Mich.

Please send me your large trial package in plain, sealed wrapper, that I may try it and see for myself if it will do what you claim it will. I enclose 20c to help pay for packing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

EVADES ARREST LONG

American Greek Taken in Bulgaria.

Salem, Mass., Nov. 8.—The truth of the old saying in regard to the long reach of the law is illustrated in the case of Vahan Nalbandian, which is to be tried at the special session of the Essex county superior criminal court called to convene here next Monday.

Nalbandian, a native of Greece, was captured after a chase of 6,000 miles across the Atlantic ocean and over a large part of Europe and returned to Massachusetts to stand trial for the alleged murder of Minas K. Monjian, a fellow-countryman.

Nalbandian and Monjian lived together in a lodging house in Lynn. A year ago last July Monjian's body was found in a trunk in his room, with a bullet through the heart. He had been dead for several days when found. Nalbandian was missing. The police allege that Monjian had several hundred dollars, which also disappeared.

Nalbandian was indicted for first degree murder and the search for him began. Lynn detectives traced him to New York, thence to England and then through Germany. Only by jumping from one city to another did the fugitive escape arrest in Germany. On several occasions foreign officials, acting through instructions from the American authorities, were ready to lay their hands on him, only to find that he had disappeared.

Chase Leads to Africa.

Nalbanian kept working south through Europe. The police lost trace of him, and then relocated him in Alexandria, Egypt. Through an acquaintance of Chief Burckes, of the Lynn police who had been in Alexandria, the chief got in communication with a mission priest in that city and persuaded him to keep Lynn informed as to Nalbanian's movements.

The priest followed Nalbanian to Silistria, in Bulgaria. Here Nalbanian evidently thought himself safe for the police learned that he had started a small clothing store there. At the request of Consul Harvey, at Bucharest, the fugitive was arrested by the Bulgarian authorities and held until the arrival of two Lynn officers, who returned with him to Massachusetts. The hunt for the fugitive occupied eight months and extended through many countries.

Bullet Not Found.

The evidence which the police have against Nalbandian is almost entirely circumstantial. At one time during their investigation they were inclined to the opinion that the shooting was accidental and that Nalbandian had fled through fear. The men were friends and had been seen chatting pleasantly shortly before the time the shooting is supposed to have occurred. The bullet which killed Monjian was never found. It was neither in his body nor in his room.

Nalbanian has a good character in Lynn. The theory was at first suggested that the murder was the work of some secret organization. This idea was abandoned, however, and the general supposition is that robbery furnished the motive for the crime. But even the latter theory is not supported by some of the facts in the case, so far as Nalbanian is concerned. It has been learned that when he reached Egypt Nalbanian was penniless and borrowed a sum of money from the mission father who was following him.

INSURGENTS CAPTURE A TOWN

Uruguay's Government Sends Representatives to Them.

Montevideo, Uruguay, Nov. 8.—The insurgents have captured Nico Perez, a small town about 125 miles north of Montevideo. The government is still sending troops into the interior. Several prominent officials have been dispatched from here for the purpose of acting as intermediaries between the government and the insurgents, who are opposing the candidacy of Jose Battley Ordonez.

Leaders in Conference.

As an indication of the preparations that are going forward for a concerted movement against Davila, General Medina, former commandant at Ceiba, has gone to Amapala to consult Valladares and has been joined there by Generals Lara and Matuty, who were prominent in the recent Nicaraguan revolution.

Medina, who is a noted fighter, and one of the most powerful political leaders in Honduras, only recently turned against President Davila. He was credited with crushing the Bonila revolution last July.

PROSECUTE TRUST HEADS

Washington, Nov. 8.—Having won the first round of its fight against the Imperial Window Glass Co., a so-called glass trust, the department of justice will press the government's criminal action against the officers and directors of the company at Pittsburg on Nov. 14.

Demurrers recently entered by the indicted ones have been overruled.

CATHOLICS IN GREAT MARCH

Thousands in Washington Publicly Profess Faith.

Washington, Nov. 7.—As a public profession of religion and a protest against profanity, the Holy Name societies of the Catholic archdiocese of Baltimore, several thousands strong, marched through the national capital yesterday over the course followed by inaugural parades.

Societies from Baltimore, Hamilton, Md.; Frederick, Md.; Alexandria, Va.; the District of Columbia and a delegation from Wilmington, Del., participated in the parade. The process on formed at the capitol, marched up Pennsylvania avenue past the White House, thence to the Washington monument grounds, where the ceremonies were concluded by speeches on behalf of the clergy and laity.

Marching to sacred and patriotic music, each member of the societies carried a miniature Holy Name banner, while American flags and large banners of the various societies represented were distributed among the marchers.

BOSTON EATS SHARK STEAK

Meat Proves Popular When Put on Market as a Delicacy.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7.—Shark steak is becoming popular as a table delicacy in Boston. A Cornhill market man put a mackerel shark on exhibition as an experiment two weeks ago and the demands were so great that he has decided to keep it on hand continually.

Sea captains have eaten shark steak for years, but so far as is known it never has been placed on the market before. The choicest cuts are 12 to 12½c a pound.

The meat resembles swordfish and halibut, except that it is a red fish and a little coarser grained.

FREES GAY OLD CHAP OF 90

Court Doesn't Make Him Go Home to Wife—He Grins.

New York, Nov. 4.—Lee Block, that gay young East Side blade of 90, who was in the court of domestic relations last week on the complaint of his wife Ada, who is only 59 years old, was again in court today. Magistrate Cornell having continued the hearing to give the charities department a chance to ascertain exactly what the nonagenarian's financial status might be.

Mrs. Block wanted him to return to her home and support.

But the magistrate decided that a man 90 years old was old enough to know his own mind and he dismissed Mr. Block who went away with a broad, toothless grin in the middle of his whiskers.

DEFORMITIES CURED!

CROOKED OR CLUB FEET of any variety, and at any reasonable age, can be made straight, natural and useful. No plaster paris, no severe surgical operations, and the result is guaranteed.

POTTS DISEASE when treated in time will result in no deformity; paralysis can be prevented and the growth not interfered with. Write for information and references.

SPINAL CURVATURE Recent cases make complete recoveries and even those of long standing do well. No plaster paris, felt or leather jackets. Write for information and references.

HIP DISEASE in the painful stage can be relieved and the inflammation permanently arrested. Shortening, deformity and loss of motion can equally be corrected. No surgical operations or confinement. Let us tell you about it.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS We can refer you to many responsible people all over the country, whose children, practically helpless from Infantile Paralysis, were restored at this Sanitarium.

DEFORMED KNEES OR JOINTS yield to our methods of treatment, and if interested you should know about it.

This is the only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the country devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE Write us for illustrated book which will be sent free on request to any address.

L. C. McLAIN SANITARIUM
925 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

HONDURAS NEAR REVOLT

Word Brought of Imminent General Uprising.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 8.—A general uprising in Honduras with all of the old enemies of President Davila participating in the movement for his overthrow is imminent, according to advices brought here last night by passengers on the steamer Orleanian from Ceiba and Puerto Cortes.

The arrivals say the revolutionary spirit is spreading throughout the little Republic and while the people generally do not sympathize with the actions of General Valladares, the revolutionary governor of Amapala, they are willing to rally again to Manuel Bonilla, who in many believe to be making preparations to revive his revolution against Davila.

WHOLE CLASS IS SUSPENDED

Thirty-eight Sophomores Punished for Posters.

Sharon, Pa., Nov. 7.—The entire sophomore class of Westminster college has been suspended for two weeks by the college faculty. One member, Lloyd Jamison, of Oakdale, was expelled. This radical action resulted from the sticking of posters, ridiculing the freshman class, on college buildings, upon the classroom walls and about the town.

It was decided that the sophomores could escape suspension by paying the damages, $38 in all. The sophomores held a class meeting and refused to pay, when the faculty verdict of expulsion for one and suspension for 38 was announced.

CRIPPEN WILL DIE ON NOV. 23

Date of Execution Has to Be Moved Ahead.

London, Nov. 7.—It was officially announced today that Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of his wife, Belle Elmore, would not be executed tomorrow as originally arranged, for the reason that the law provides that two weeks must elapse between the dismissal of an appeal and the carrying out of the sentence.

The date for the execution has been fixed as November 23. Meantime Solicitor Newton, Crippen's counsel is drafting a petition for a reprieve.

CHURCH LOSES ROUND

Spain Prohibits Further Religious Orders.

Other Arrangements May Follow New Agreement With Vatican.

Madrid, Nov. 5.—The senate last night, by a vote of 149 to 58, passed the "padlock bill" which prohibits the creation of further religious establishments in Spain until the revision of the concordat with the vatican has been prepared.

The conciliatory attitude of Premier Canalejas toward the ecclesiastical senators during the debate in the senate yesterday on the bill led to the impression in official circles that a way would be found to resume the negotiations between the government and the vatican for a revision of the concordat when the bill was passed.

The revision of the concordat of 1851 long has been the cause for diplomatic negotiations between liberal governments in Spain and the vatican. The modifications sought affect chiefly the causes relating to liberty of conscience and education and limitation of religious orders. With the advent of February last of the present ministry, Premier Canalejas announced that the negotiations begun by his predecessors with the vatican would be continued, but this program, which called off the abridgement of the influences of the Catholic churches and the inauguration of a broad system of public education, would be proceeded with regardless of the wishes of Rome.

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

TO USE FINGER PRINTS

Court Rules They May Count in Trial.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—Finger prints of an alleged murderer figured today in the trial of Thomas Jennings, a negro who is charged with the murder of Clarence Hiller.

Attorney Anderson, objecting to the introduction of photographs of the finger prints, drew from Judge Kavanagh the following opinion:

"If the theory of the prosecution is correct the slayer of Hiller left his photograph and his signature in finger prints on the house which he feloniously entered, so why is not the testimony of an expert competent? While the question is almost unique, the theory of law on which it depends is well known. In my opinion the evidence is proper and competent and I shall allow it to be entered."

Would Give Jury Pictures.

Attorney Anderson declared that it is not a matter of general and accepted knowledge that the finger marks of no two persons are exactly alike. He declared that in only one other case, and that in England many years ago, have finger marks been introduced in evidence. "In the English case," said Mr. Anderson, "it was held that a special law would have to be passed to legalize finger prints as evidence. The only legal way to introduce such evidence is to give the jury the photographs and a magnifying glass and allow them to draw their own conclusions without the aid of experts."

BEE STINGS KILL AGED MAN

Chico, Cal., Nov. 5.—Attacked by a swarm of bees, which he was trying to hive, Frank Lyons, aged 65, was stung so badly at his home near Centerville yesterday that he died within an hour.

HE WALKS 800 MILES TO MARRY

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 4.—Allan Rowe, of Fairbanks, Alaska, walked 800 miles to Forty Mile after navigation had closed, that he might marry Mrs. Lawrence. He weighed 203 pounds at the start, but lost 30 pounds.

PENNIES PAY FATHER'S FINE

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 3.—Peter Stempien, aged 10 years, paid a fine for his father in the police court yesterday with the savings in his penny bank. Stempson was in court for having jumped through a big glass window of a saloon to evade arrest. He was fined $5.

WOMAN RIDES ENGINE PILOT

Cursing Engineer, Female Hobo Is Taken From Train.

Cadillac, Mich., Nov. 4.—Dirt begrimed and cursing the engineer, Miss Katie Parker of nowhere in particular, was taken from the pilot of No. 2, G. R. & I. passenger train shortly after last midnight at Kalkaska and turned over to the sheriff.

The woman had "hoboed" on the passenger train all the way from Mackinaw City, passing through Petoskey without detection. She is said to be demented. A Mackinaw trainsman noticed the woman acting strangely but paid no attention to her. Clinging to the hand rails of the Pullman sleeper the woman rode to Pellston and when the train stopped she secured a more comfortable position.

At Mancelona Miss Parker, discovered and ejected from the train, disappeared around the depot, and emerging from the opposite end, caught the pilot of the locomotive. At Kalkaska she was discovered, half frozen and utterly exhausted. How she managed to sustain her position on the pilot is regarded as marvelous as the cold night would have numbed a man. The woman is 28 years old.

NEW PARLIAMENT OPENS

South African Union Begins Existence.

Impressive Ceremonies — King's Uncle Present at First Session.

Capetown, Nov. 4.—The first parliament of the South African Union assembled today. Large crowds began to gather in the vicinity early in the forenoon, and long before the hour fixed for the opening ceremony thousand of persons were massed about the entrances to the legislative hall.

A pageant, in which a large number of troops, civic organizations and delegations representing the four component states of the union took part, preceded the inauguration of the parliament. The procession made its way through streets gay with flags and bunting to the assembly building, while all along the route thousands of men, women and children manifested their interest and enthusiasm in the occasion by vociferous cheers.

Old Boer Leaders Present.

In the legislative chamber the scene was most impressive when the duke of Connaught was escorted to the rostrum. Grouped about the royal party were seated the high officials of the union government and others who had a conspicuous part in bringing the new commonwealth into existence.

Among those whose appearance in the chamber called forth enthusiastic demonstrations of greeting were Viscount Gladstone, the governor-general of the South African Union; Gen. Louis Botha, the first premier, and Gen. Christian De Wet.

The address of the duke of Connaught was, of course, the most prominent feature of the opening ceremonies. His royal highness dwelt at considerable length upon the importance of the occasion as a step in the process of imperial development. In behalf of the king, he expressed the regret which his majesty felt over his inability to be present in person, as he had originally expected.

SPEEDY FLIGHT IN AIR

Aviator Covers 65 Miles in 69 Minutes.

Columbus, Nov. 7.—Phillip O. Parmalee, in a Wright brothers' aeroplane, broke the cross-country record today in a flight from Dayton to Columbus. The distance of 65 miles was made in 69 minutes and was attended by no mishap of any kind.

Parmalee complained that his feet and hands were cold, but said the flight was one of the most successful he had ever made. He started from Dayton at 10:45 and arrived at the driving park in Columbus at 11:54, where a great crowd had assembled to see him make the landing.

This is the first time an aeroplane has been used for commercial purposes. He brought a bolt of silk for the Morehouse-Martins Dry Goods Co., and received $500 for his trouble.

BRING IN BARGE ENTERPRISE

British Craft Picked Up in Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans, Nov. 8.—Believed a homeless wreck, the British barge Enterprise, abandoned in the Gulf of Mexico during the recent hurricane, last night was towed into the mouth of the Mississippi river by the United States revenue cutter Yamacraw.

Captain Chute and the crew of the Enterprise were rescued during the storm by the steamer Dinnamare.

MURDER A LA THE ORIENT

Native of India Inserts Poisoned Thorn in Cigar Tip.

Harper's Weekly.

An Anglo-Indian civilian once had an adventure that nearly cost him his life. He had got on well with the natives, but two of his servants had had a quarrel over a girl whom they had wooed. The merchant interfered in the affair.

The unsuccessful suitor, Laj, began to make trouble, and his rival, the butler, warned the merchant against him. Nothing happened for some months. Then the merchant went away on business. On his return he was told that Laj had been caught in his bedroom and locked up.

In the east this meant trouble. The merchant called his servants and had a thorough search made of the house. They examined every trunk, turned up the bedstead, every picture, statue and crevice in the wall and crack in the floor, expecting to find a hooded cobra or some other poisonous reptile.

They scrutinized every knob, handle and panel. Some of it had been smeared with poison or with juice that attract venomous creatures. Then they searched the wine cellar, the pantry and the storeroom. But they found nothing.

The merchant was tired and after eating went to the cabinet where he kept his cigars. It was a large case of black and plate glass, with an old-fashioned Indian silver lock.

As he was about to insert the key in the keyhole Laj's successful rival, who had been active in the search cried out that some one had been meddling with the lock.

An examination of the keyhole revealed traces of wax. When they opened the case the merchant found everything apparently untouched. Five boxes of cigars were unopened. He had opened the sixth before he went away and removed a few cigars. As he took this box up he noticed on it the marks of dirty fingers.

The cigars looked as if they had not been disturbed. He was about to take one when he noticed that something was wrong with the head. A second and a third were like the first. In each a small almost imperceptible rose thorn had been inserted, and on it was a dab of brown slime, still moist, the same color as the cigar.

Feeling convinced that the cigars were poisoned, the merchant sat down and wrote a note to the police. In half an hour an officer appeared with Laj under guard. The merchant stated the case to the officer, and taking one of the cigars handed it to Laj with the command: "Take it and smoke it."

The man refused. His guilt was proved.

EACH URGES OWN DEFEAT

Rival Candidates for Justice Conduct Amusing Campaign.

Muncie, Ind., Nov. 4.—"Any party that didn't have any more sense than to nominate me for the position of justice ought to see elected a man like Joseph Zehner, even though he is a Democrat."

That is the kind of a stump speech Isaiah Duddleston, Republican candidate for justice of the peace in Delaware township, this county, has been making. He has been working hard for the election of his opponent, Joseph Zehner, and Mr. Zehner has been working just as hard to try to elect the Republican candidate.

The campaign has become so warm that both have been indulging in personalities, each decrying his own abilities and lauding his opponent. The campaign is no joke with the two candidates, although it affords humor for the entire county, as the office pays little and would interfere with the business interests of the candidates.

A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

ALFALFA AN OHIO CROP

Was Grown in Every County in State Last Year.

Columbus, O., Nov. 5.—Alfalfa has been grown in every country of the state last year, according to the report of the state board of agriculture on crops and their condition issued today.

Three years ago the Ohio experiment station at Wooster issued a bulletin to the effect that alfalfa could be grown in Ohio. The late Allen O. Myers disputed this and quite a controversy ensued. The report estimates the total alfalfa crop during last year with an average of three cuttings at 68,519 tons.

The estimated area sown in wheat for the 1911 harvest is 2,014,180 acres, an increase of 70,285 acres over last year. The growing plant is estimated at 102 per cent. Rye is estimated at 61,337 acres for next year's harvest.

On the basis of 35 bushels to the acre the harvest is placed at 90,384,185 bushels. The production of potatoes is placed at 12,200,376, an average production of 85 bushels per acre.

The condition of hogs is estimated at 97 per cent. Many farmers the report says are rushing their hogs to market on account of the prevalence of hog cholera in the state. Clover seed prospects are estimated at 61 per cent and buckwheat at 73 per cent.

FIRE SWEEPS INSANE ASYLUM

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 5.—The Manitoba government insane asylum was destroyed by fire at Brandon last night. There were 600 patients in the building when the flames were discovered. It is thought a number were burned to death.

A severe snowstorm was raging and the scene about the asylum was one of utter confusion, the shouts of the maniacs mingling with the commands of the guards and firemen. Help was sent from Winnipeg.

The town of Gilbert Plains, Man., is burning. Surrounding towns are rushing aid.

LAUGHS UNTIL NEARLY DEAD

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Nov. 4.—Trading a mule for a "shaved-tail" horse appealed to the humor of S. H. Schrapp, of this city, and he began laughing. He laughed 10 minutes, an hour, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and still he didn't stop. A physician was called, but he couldn't stop the hearty "ha, ha, ha."

When six hours had passed and Schrapp was still convulsed with laughter another physician was called and still the horse trader's merriment ruled. Just as the merry laugh had rounded out 12 hours the trader was given a heavy electric shock, the "ha, ha," ceased and Schrapp fell over exhausted.

It was thought for a time that the man would die, but yesterday he shows no ill effects from the long laugh.

HELP WANTED.

$80 per month paid railway mail clerks, customs and internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Examinations announced everywhere January 15. Coaching free to first 25 applicants. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 52, Rochester, N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the **FREE TEST TREATMENT** disease, including medicines, prepared for as long giving a full description of the case and 3 asthma testimonials of sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

CANCER TREAT YOURSELF AT HOME
Our book tells you how, and gives evidence of what others have done for themselves. Sent free. Address, **THE BYE INSTITUTE,** 207 Fair Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conquered at Last. Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FITS In stopper. Only cure. I figure an entire and rapid cure in every case. Cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kline, 931 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce Poultry Tonic. IMPERIAL REM. CO., Dept. 97, PARSONS, KANS.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. It relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail, $1.00. Double strength, $2.00. **DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent **FREE**. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY REGISTER. THE PILOT, Dept 59 Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions **FREE.** Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

WANTED Union Soldiers, who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, are entitled to **SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS** additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobsen Bldg., Denver, Colo.

SKUNK We buy Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all other raw furs at highest market prices, and give liberal assortments and square deal to everyone. Price list free. M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. **FREE. THE EXCHANGE,** box 829 R. O., Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

25 XMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS 10c Colored, gold, silver, plain embossed, etc. Satisfaction given. Catalog free. J. D. WENDELL, CHICAGO

10 POST CARDS FREE
To quickly introduce our popular story paper and home magazine, we will send our premium assortment of 10 choicest gold embossed Christmas, Birthday and Good Luck cards, lovely designs, if you will send 10 cts. for 3 mos. trial subscription. Household Magazine, Dept. 44, Topeka, Kan.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment. Full course, $1. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED
DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO SPECIFIC cures all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent cure. No drugs to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes cures all ordinary cases. We guarantee a cure in any case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanitarium, Dept. 18, St. Joseph, Mo.

5 Christmas Cards FREE
Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest gold embossed Christmas post cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 210, Topeka, Kan.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

Ladies, make snapcorters, $12 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. W-82, Chicago.

$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, W D 60, Chicago, Ill.

TO REPORT ON FRIAR LANDS

Manila, Nov. 5.—E. L. Worcester, a member of the Philippine Commission, Frank W. Carpenter, executive secretary of the Philippines, Ignacio Villamor, attorney general, and Charles H. Sleeper, director of the Bureau of Lands, will leave here tomorrow for Washington to make a report to the President bearing on the controversy over the friar lands in the Philippines.

I WILL HELP YOU CURE YOURSELF OF KIDNEY, BLADDER OR RHEUMATIC TROUBLE, FREE

I will send you free proof treatment and give you simple instructions how to cure yourself in your home, without cost. Write me today

MRS. WALKER.

DR. LYNOTT.

MR. FELDMAN.

Dr. Lynott's great medical book, describing these diseases, as well as the addresses of several hundred of his cured patients, are also sent free to all who write him.

So that all who suffer from kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism may know without expense that at last a genuine and reliable cure for these diseases has been found, I will send to any victim of these ailments a free trial treatment and such simple instructions that anyone can cure himself at home, free. I say free and I mean free. I will make no charge; you have only to write me a letter giving me your symptoms and telling me how you feel and I will do as I promise.

To give free treatment is the best way to prove my claims. I bear the expense. You have simply to take my treatment as directed and you will know I can cure you. You will owe me nothing now or later when cured. It is my free gift to the thousands of uric acid sufferers, and I want all to take advantage of it. I have devoted my life to the cure of these diseases. I am in a position to help you and my help will cost you nothing.

Write me a letter today, describing your condition in your own words, and I will send you a free treatment for it. Some of the leading symptoms of a kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain and soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

You can describe your condition in your own way or you can give the numbers of the symptoms in the coupon and send the coupon to me and the free proof treatment and instructions will be sent you just the same. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 4062 Occidental Building, Chicago Ill.

I am asking you for no money. All I ask is the privilege of proving to the afflicted that I can and will cure kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble in a simple, scientific, painless way; that I can stop the painful backache, the swelling flesh, the inflamed bladder, the torturing rheumatism. I am successful with old and young, those who have just become sick and those who have suffered for years.

Since I ask for no money write me today and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to cure you when the right remedies, whose purity I have vouched for to the U. S. Government, are sent you, and when a doctor gives you the right advice, I will give you the right remedies and right advice and charge you nothing, so correspond with me today.

Write a letter or send the coupon, or do both.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott,
4062 Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

I notice symptoms number.....

.....

(Here put down the numb

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

FROM DAYS OF OLD

ELIZABETH AYRES

AN old-fashioned, braided rag rug, lying in front of an open fireplace, was the first thing that I took notice of in a room in a new house. I had never entered before. To be sure, the fire in the open fireplace was from gas; the room was lighted with electricity, and the house was complete with modern improvements, but in this particular room, there was an appearance of old-time, home comfort, and, in fancy, one could hear the old-time home welcome: "I'm real pleased to see you. Won't you draw up to the fire and rest a spell?"

The braided rug was responsible for this. It turned time backward, and surely invited one to "draw up to the fire and rest a spell." The furnishings of the room were plain, else the braided rug would have been out of place, but its surroundings were in harmony, and the rug was where it did the most good.

"It was just a little pickup work, made when I had a few spare moments," the one who braided it explained.

"I like it," I told her.

"Yes, I like it, too," she said. "There isn't any style about it, but it looks kind of homey and comfortable."

There lies its charm, "it looks kind of homey and comfortable."

With the braided and hooked rugs, invariably travel home associations, and associations connected with the days of old, when housewives wove

A BRAIDED RUG.

and spun and home furnishings were mostly home made. One cannot really wish the primitive days back again. In many respects, they must have been uncomfortable, and comfort is a thing easy to get the habit of, and difficult to relinquish, but some of the old-time, homemade comforts, are numbered with the comforts of present days, and among these is the braided rug, now once more in high favor.

Fashion, you know, if you happen to notice its evolution, is a good deal like a big wheel in perpetual motion. While each spoke in turn goes under, each spoke is sure to sometime travel to the top, pass by, and return again. This is so with things other than braided rugs, but in this case, it is the rug question alone, which is up for discussion.

The braided and hooked rugs of the old days, were family records. They were made from pieces, saved from the clothing of the family, and preserved in their fabric the home life of years. They were as good as a book to read, for those who knew the story of the pieces, taken from garments of festivals and mournings, or from the garments of happy children. Reading the rug was a pastime for those who liked to think back and to dwell in memories. Hand in hand with this pastime, went reading the quilt, whose pieces told many stories; whose patterns, hand-sewed with the tiniest of stitches, were domestic works of art.

Such quilts are still in existence. They are cherished as heirlooms and shown with pride as something great-grandmother used to make, or maybe its maker was a twice great-grandmother. At all events, whichever she was, if you have one of these quilts you are proud of it and glad to show it.

To return to the braided rug. A few days after I saw the one which seemed to smile and look pleasant at me, I came across directions for making the modern braided rug. The combination of sights and scenes started this article going. I took them for signals that the braided rug was to be passed on to others, who may find in the suggestions it carries ideas which shall prove of profit.

The braiding of rugs is one of the simple handicrafts which anyone, regardless of sex, may practice, since its chief requirements are time, application and good taste in the selection of colors. According to the directions found in Country Life in America for November, calico or woolen cloth may be used, but calico is more desirable, for rightly braided the rug, when completed, presents a surface that can be washed as clean as a piece of muslin. It will even bear scrubbing with a not too coarse brush. Dark calicoes in patterns of tiny figures or dots make the most serviceable rugs. Calicoes in pink and white, blue and white, or any bright colors, make the prettiest ones.

The width of weave in these rugs can be secured by braiding together three strands of calico which have been torn in strips 2 inches wide by 54 inches in length. The strips are folded once and then braided. To make large rugs the weave should be turned when the braid has reached a length of 16 inches, when the two sides that meet are sewed together. After that the work is simple to completion.

When a change in color or shade is desired, it is well that the ends of the strands already braided be cut to vary two or three inches in length before sewing on the new strands. This will prevent a too abrupt change in the color scheme. The braided strips are sewed together with strong thread and the over-and-over stitch.

There you have directions for making the modern braided rug. Being in style they have a commercial value and should be good stock for church fairs and Christmas sales.

Christmas is winging itself this way, and perhaps you have someone to whom you wish to give a present who would welcome a braided rug as a long-felt want supplied.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Many a time, something which seems for the worst when it is happening, turns out to be for the best.

When you wake up in the morning and feel like raising a fuss, before you beg'n fussing, stop, and ask yourself if you really have anything to fuss about. The chances are, the laugh is on you.

A good laugh is better than hunting trouble any hour in the day and any day in the week.

Nursing a grievance is like cherishing an illness. We always try to get cured of the illness. Why not of the grievance? A sure cure is to forget it.

Two who are traveling together through life, must keep step, the one with the other, if they are to make a safe and pleasant journey. A good way to do is to take turns in the step keeping.

If you are thinking the world is a good place to be in, you are thinking right. If you are thinking the other way, there's something wrong with you.

Too much time spent in looking for others' faults, blinds you to your own. You may have one or six yourself.

Life in general must be a matter of bear and forebear, just as it must be in marriage, else both will be a failure.

It's no easy job to be a shining example, but it does a heap more good than preaching without practicing.

If, in order to get satisfaction, you must blame something or someone for things that go wrong, blame it on the weather. It will cause less trouble.

If you will not get mad; after awhile you cannot get mad. You will not take any pleasure in it.

Trying to get something for nothing, invariably results in having to pay more in the end.

"One good turn deserves another." This means we are to keep on doing good turns whether we get returns or not. Confidentially speaking, we usually get as much as we give.

Whatever you do; play fair.

Here's hoping you are traveling the road to health and happiness.

JUDGING BY THE LOOKS

Little Margaret has the usual inquiring mind of youth. Recently her Great-Aunt Charlotte was visiting the family and Margaret boldly asked the lady's age.

"How old do you think I am?" returned the aunt.

The little girl gazed at her earnestly for a moment and then said:

"Well, I don't know, Aunt Charlotte, but you don't look new!"—Woman's Home Companion.

LIKE TEACHER DIDN'T HAVE

Little Lizzie said to her teacher, "Have you got a little yellow hen?"

"No," replied the teacher, "I haven't any little yellow hen."

"Well," said Lizzie proudly, "my little yellow hen, like you hain't got, laid an egg his morning."—The Delineator.

FROM THE CHILDREN

Dear Blade—Will you permit a little Oregonian to enter your page? We have taken The Blade for years, and indeed it is always welcome.

I am a little girl 14 years of age. I have large gray eyes and light brown hair. I wonder how many little Blade readers have their birthday on the same day as mine. My birthday is the twenty-ninth of February, so I am a leap year girl. I like to go to school very much and I have just completed the eighth grade. I go to Sunday school and church also and I am a member of the Epworth League and the Methodist church.

I live in a small town called Bandon, which is a very pretty place. It is said to lie along the prettiest part of the Pacific coast. All visitors are pleased with this climate and the surrounding conditions. This part of the west is being settled rapidly, for it is rich in minerals and standing timber. This is also an excellent fruit-raising country.

This is my first letter to The Blade, but if I am welcome, I will write again.—Bonny Bess from Bandon by the Sea, Oregon.

Dear Little Boys and Girls—We have been begging our mamma to write a letter for us for quite a time. She is always looking for a letter from Kentucky, she says, but no one in Kentucky seems to write, so we are going to try one letter to The Blade. I am Rita who is dictating this letter. I have dark brown eyes and auburn hair, and I am nearly six years old. My little brother is Mitchell. He has black eyes and dark hair. We have a little brother that has no name yet. We wish some one seeing this letter would send him a name.

I wonder how many little children can find something to do to help their mamma. We haul kindling and stove wood in our little wagon. We have a little dog that we sometimes hitch to our wagon. We love pigs for pets better than any others. Our grandpa took The Blade about 17 years. Our grandmother takes it now. We hope this will be printed so she will see it. It will surprise her. This is our first letter. If it is printed, we shall write again some time.—From Rita and Mitchell Cartright, Kentucky.

Dear Children—I am a little girl 12 years of age. I have three sisters and six brothers. I live in the state of Florida, near a little town named Zephyr Hill. We have church up there once a month and I enjoy going to church. My papa takes The Blade and has been taking it for seven years. I love to read the children's letters. I will step aside and give somebody else room. If I see this in print I will come again. I will sign my name what mamma and papa call me.—Daisy B. Laurence, Florida.

Dear Little Friends of The Blade—I am seven years old and have one sister. She is two months old and her name is Gladys. For pets I have two cats. One's name is Buster and the other's name is Teddy. I go to school a mile and a quarter away. It is the same to Sunday school. I live in the country. I would like to have this letter printed.—Helen Bramhall Wyalusing, Pennsylvania.

I will introduce myself to the many readers of the dear old Blade by saying "good morning." I am a big boy 12 years old, and I live on a farm in southern Ohio. I have looked and looked in vain for a letter from this part of the world. I am going to school now. My father is the teacher. I spend my odd time in trapping. I caught two 'possums last night. One was a little baby 'possum. We have plenty of game, such as rabbits, quail, coons and foxes, but no fruit this year. As this is my first letter, I will close by signing my real name.—Carl Wilkins, Hillsboro, Ohio.

Dear Boys and Girls—I have been reading so many of the children's letters, I thought I would join in your merry circle. I am eight years old and I am in the second reader and I am in the A first grade. We live three miles out of Iona, Mich. I have four pets, one of them is a chicken. My cat's name is Dick and my dog's name is Dan. I rode in an auto over to the asylum and saw some reindeer there. As this is my first letter I will close. I expect to see this in print and sign my name—Gertrude Myers, Michigan.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl, nine years old and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I live in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, just across the road from the finest spring of water. It supplies the town. Everybody says it is the finest spring in this state. There are 14,000 gallons of water that flow from it per minute. I can sit in the house and see the trout swim around. There is one trout in the spring 27½ inches long. I like to feed the fish. When I feed them they jump clear out of the water. They are very fond of fresh beef.

I am very fond of pets. I have one dog and three cats. My one dog is

MISS RUTH ERLER,
of Toledo.

older than I am. He is 13 years old. We have two horses. We call them Mack and Joe. My Pa is a blacksmith, but he expects to quit and go on a farm. My name is Violet E. Lindemuth, Pennsylvania.

Dear Boys and Girls—We are two little boys, 11 and 8 years old. We live in the country and have for pets a goat named Bill. We can ride and drive him. We have a dog named Buster, and an alligator, one year old, and a Jersey calf, named Daisy. We live close to church and go every Sunday. The nearest city is Lexington. It is eight miles from us. Our father runs the electric light and water plant there. We lived in the city last winter and I went to the graded school. We moved back on the farm in the spring. There are five of us children, four boys and one girl, Arthur, Minnie, Walter, Willie and Lee.

My mother takes The Blade and we all like it. We will ring off as this is our first letter. Oh, how we hope to see it in print.—Willie and Lee Shirley, North Carolina.

Dear Little Friends of The Blade—I have been thinking for some time of writing to you. I am a little girl, 12 years old. I like to read the children's letters, very much, so I thought I would write one. I have four sisters and two brothers. My father died when I was quite small, so my mamma has had quite a difficult time in keeping us all together. I am very fond of outdoor sport, especially in haying time. I hope to see my letter in print.—Stella Lilly, West Virginia.

Hello, Boys and Girls—I will join your happy band. I never saw a letter from right around here. I live in northern Indiana: I have lived in Indiana all my life. I live on an 80- acre farm. I am 13 years old. My birthday was in July. Our school began the first Monday in October. I ride to school in a covered wagon. I go to school at the small city of Lancaster. The school house is three stories high. I like to go to school. Well, if this is not thrown in the waste basket I will write again some time. I will sign my name—Stelle Ferguson, Indiana.

To The Blade—I am a girl 11 years old. I went to school last winter, but there is not any school for me to go to, this winter. W have a farm out in the country, but we do not live on it now. We live at Hawks Nest, West Virginia. I have a little sister. Her name is Mary. I have adog, his name is Mike. He will swim in the river after sticks. I am afraid that my letter is too long. I will sign my name—Gracie Hess, Hawks Nest, West Virginia.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M G R: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Will you admit a farmer boy from the rugged hills of North Carolina? I have been a silent, but interested reader of this department for some time, and I now knock for admittance, as my father is a subscriber to The Weekly Blade and we all read it each week with unfailing interest.

I live in a very mountainous part of North Carolina. The scenery of this section is picturesque, magnificent and enchanting. Many tourists, and those seeking health, visit our several noted summer resorts, annually. This Watauga county is a very old county, and in pioneer days it was the home of wild animals, but the rapid influx of people has driven them to more secluded places, far from human habitation. Boone, the county seat, is a prosperous little town of several hundred people. It is situated in an intelligent and productive section of the county. The place was named in honor of the pioneer hunter and patriot, Daniel Boone, who once had a camp near the present site of this town. Many unmistakable evidences in the shape of relics have been found to show that he once camped here. Quite recently workmen at a logging camp at Fish Springs, while cleaning out an old spring, found a pipe supposed to have belonged to Daniel Boone. On the pipe was this: D. B., 1752. There is no doubt but that this was his pipe.

Well, this is sufficient for my first attempt, so I will bid you adieu.—Samuel J. Smith, Zionville, North Carolina.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I promised some time ago to write about the wild flowers that grow in Florida, to help charm the souls of the flower lovers, so here I am. I cannot do justice to the subject in a letter; it would take volumes to tell it all, not because of the profusion of blossoms, for one feels disappointed in not finding more flowers, as it is generally supposed that Florida is a garden in full bloom all of the time. There are a great many different kinds here, but only a few bloom at the same time. I notice that delicate foliage plants have the largest flowers. Some are in bloom every month in the year. Each flower has its resting time here, as well as in the North, though they are not stopped by frost. When it comes its time to bloom, a flower will do its very best. Let us thank God for the wild flowers. They are his own handwork, and like all of his work, are perfect.

All cultivated flowers that are suited to the climate, are beautiful in color and foliage, but here, as in the North, some struggle for existence, and are a failure. The roses are dreams of loveliness that cannot be described.

Now for the fish. There are suckers, fresh fish, and bass, and plenty of them. The beautiful lake Tohopekaliga, eight miles long and five miles wide, which is just north of St. Cloud, is teeming with fish.

I will close with a question I should like to have some reader answer: Why do the people who come to St. Cloud always think the sun rises in the south?—Miss Flo Aligator, Florida.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Will you welcome a country girl to your column? My parents have taken The Blade for a good many years, and we all think it is a fine paper. I am very fond of the Household Page, and read the M. G. R. letters every week. I was much pleased with a letter, written some time ago, by a lady who lives near me. She wrote about wearing the wings and heads of birds for ornaments on our hats. I think it is cruel to kill the birds or rob them of their beautiful plumage. If we could only understand the language of the birds, and know how sweet their songs are, we would value them much more than we do now. I agree on every point with that lady, and I would not wear a wing or head of a poor, little bird. I hope to read more letters on this subject and to see people truer to the birds. I will not stay too long this time, as I wish to call again, some day. With best wishes to the M. G. R.'s.—Blue-Eyed Anna, Michigan.

Dear Friends:—I should like to join your happy band. I am sixteen years old and I live on a farm near the town of Hague in New York state. It is called Split Rock Farm, there being a very large rock on the farm. It is about twenty feet high and thirty feet through. It has a split in the center, large enough to walk through. People from the city come by the hundreds to see it. As I can take pictures I shall send you one some time.

I am very happy, although I can walk but little at a time. You must be getting tired of me, so, with best wishes to you all, I will sign the name my classmates call me.—Happy, New York.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Here comes another bashful reader who has at last mustered up courage to write. We all intend to write, I guess, but keep putting it off for the morrow that never comes.

What a number of good writers we have! It is so interesting to read about different places; next best to seeing them with our own eyes. I enjoyed the letter written by "Eyes Open," so much and wish I could walk to school with her every morning.

Our farm is two miles from Geneva, a village of over 2,000 people. The northern part of Ohio is pretty and woodsy, but Oh! so flat. We have nothing very noted around here, but our lovely, unchanging Lake Erie. I wish all you inland people could see it, and in exchange, give us a piece of your mountains.—Clara Dayton, Ohio.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

The M. G. R. band is playing a merry tune these days, and we're all taking a jolly ride together.

If you do not see your letters in print as soon as you think you should, please do not feel slighted. I am doing the best I can, and you may rest assured it is a part of the joy of my work to have so many letters. I take time to read them all, even if we are cramped for room in the paper. Yours truly—Elizabeth.

Write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page, and if you like us remember to say so and be a Blade booster.

Here's hoping you are doing all you can to make yourself happy by trying to make others happy.

POETS' CORNER

THE CHOPPER'S CHILD

By Alice Cary.

The smoke of the Indian summer
Darkened and doubled the rills,
And the ripe corn, like a sunset,
Shimmered along the hills;
Like a gracious glowing sunset,
Interlaced with the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight;

As, with the brier-buds gleaming
In her darling, dimpled hands,
Toddling slow adown the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands—
Her sweet eyes full of shadows
Of the woodland, darkly brown—
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oaks and elms so grand,
Before her gleamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land;
Gardens about whose gateway
The gloomy ivy swayed,
Setting all her heart a-tremble
As she struck within their shade.

Now the chopper's lowly cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the open highway stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
All against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a bed of daffodils.

Up above the tallest poplars
In its stateliness it rose,
With its carved and curious gables,
And its marble porticoes;
But she did not see the grandeur,
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Clipt so close along the walks.

So, in that full confiding
The unworldly only know,
Through the gateway, down the garden,
Up the marble portico,
Her bare feet brown as bees' wings,
And her hands of brier-buds full,
On, along the fleecy crimson
Of the carpets of dyed wool.

With a modest glance uplifted
Through the lashes drooping down,
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown;
Still and steady, like a shadow
Sliding inward from the wood,
Till before the lady-mistress
Of the house, at last, she stood.

Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine
Was that lady-dame to see,
With the chopper's little daughter,
Like a shadow at her knee!
Oh green as leaves of clover
Were the broideries of her train,
And her hand it shone with jewels
Like a lily with the rain.

And the priest before the altar,
As she swam along the aisle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Read it consciously, the while;
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.

But the chopper's child undazzled
In her lady-presence stood—
(She was born amid the splendors
Of the glorious autumn wood)—
And so sweetly and serenely
Met the cold and careless face,
Her own alive with blushes,
E'en as one who gives a grace.

As she said, the accents falling
In a pretty childish way:
"Tomorrow, then tomorrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving day;
And my mother will be happy,
And be honored, so she said,
To have the landlord's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady,
As disdainfully she smiled,
"Live you not in yonder cabin?
Are you not the chopper's child?
And your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
What is it, little starveling,
That you give your thanks for, pray?"

One bashful moment's silence—
Then hushing up her pain,
And sweetness growing out of it
As the rose does out of rain—
She stript the woolen kerchief
From off her shining head,
As one might strip the outer husk,
From the golden ear, and said:

"What have we to give thanks for?
Why, just for daily bread!"
And then, with all her little pride
A-blushing out so red—
"Perhaps, too, that the sunshine
Can come and lie on our floor,
With none of your icy columns
To shut it from the door!

"What have we to give thanks for?"
And a smile illumed her tears,
As a star the broken vapors,
When it suddenly appears;
And she answered, all her bosom
Throbbing up and down so fast:
"Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last.

"Asleep beneath the daisies;
But when the drenching rain
Has put them out, we know the dew
Will light them up again;
And we make and keep Thanksgiving
With the best the house affords,
Since, if we live, or if we die,
We know we are the Lord's.

"That out His hands of mercy
Not the least of us can fall;
But we have ten thousand blessings,
And I cannot name them all!
Oh, see them yourself, good madam—
I will come and show you the way—
After the morrow, the morrow again
Will be the great, glad day."

And, tucking up her tresses
In the kerchief of gray wool,
Where they gleamed like golden woodlights
In the autumn mists so dull,
She crossed the crimson carpets,
With her rose-buds in her hands,
And climbing up the sheep-paths
Of the yellow stubble-lands.

Passed the marsh wherein starlings
Shut so close their horny bills,
And lighted with her loveliness
The gateway of the hills.
Oh, the eagle has the sunshine,
And his way is grand and still;
But the lark can turn the cloud into
A temple when she will!

That evening, when the corn fields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings, wings a-trailing
And trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all the world apart,
Knelt the lady-wife and mistress
Of the rich man's house and heart.

Knelt she, all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak,
Burning out upon the darkness
From the fires upon her cheek;
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
To make her meek and mild,
And as faithful in Thanksgiving
As the chopper's little child.

SUNSHINE OF PARADISE ALLEY

Author Unknown.

There's a little side street,
Such as often you meet,
Where the boys of a Sunday night rally,
Tho' it's not very wide,
And it's dismal beside,
Yet they call the place Paradise Alley.
For a maiden so sweet
Lives in that little side street.
She's the daughter of Widow McNally.
She has bright golden hair,
And the boys all declare,
She's the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

CHORUS.

Every Sunday down to her home we go,
All the boys and all the girls they love her so;
Always jolly, heart that is true I know,
She's the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little lad
Had the fever so bad,
That no one would dare to go near him,
Then this dear girl so brave,
Said, "I think I can save,
Or at least I can comfort and cheer him."
Soon the youngster got well,
And the neighbors all tell
How the daughter of widow MacNally,
Risked her life for a boy,
And they hail her with joy,
As the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

She's had offers to wed,
By the dozen, 'tis said,
Still she always refused them politely,
But of late she's been seen,
With young Tommy Kileen,
Going out for a promenade nightly.
We can all guess the rest,
For the boy she loves best,
Will soon change her name from MacNally,
Though he may change her name,
She'll be known just the same,
As the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME

Author Unknown.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle,
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell,
As down the moss-grown wood path,
Where the cattle love to roam,
From Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.

When I saw sweet Nellie home,
When I saw sweet Nellie home,
How I bless the August evening,
When I saw sweet Nellie home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered,
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And her cheek, the crimson sunset,
Scarcely had a warmer glow,
'Mid her parted lips, vermilion,
White teeth flashed like ocean foam;
All I marked with pulses throbbing,
As I saw sweet Nellie home.

When the autumn tinged the green woods,
Turning all the leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded,
I my love to Nellie told.
As we stood together, gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening,
When I saw sweet Nellie home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow;
For a love smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now.
Matron in a snowy 'kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come,
Tell me dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nellie home.

POEMS REQUESTED

This is a clue to a poem wanted: A Christmas of long ago, when the windows were frosted over, and the ground was white as snow.

The poem entitled The Emigrant's story is asked for. It begins: Here friend, have a pipe and a seat by the fire here beside me.

The old-time songs, Ben Bolt, and Nancy Till are requested. This is a clue to Nancy Till: Down by the cane break, close by the mill.

The poem, Virginia and Virginius is requested. It begins: Why is the Forum crowded, what means this stir in Rome?

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

"This was meant to be a good world; not a bad one. I have a part to play in making it what it was meant to be."

This is what Elizabeth said one day in the Morning Thoughts. Now, sisters, let us substitute the word "home" for "world." In reading the letters from the different writers, I find there are so many happy homes, and it does one good to read these interesting letters in our dear old Blade. The home should mean everything to us. It is the place where we expect to live our lives. How are we going to live them? It lies within ourselves to make home what we would have it. We all have our cares and sorrows, but there is no use in telling our neighbor our troubles. She has hers. None has clear sailing.

There are so many things to cause a cloud to form over a home. Sometimes it may be the wrong doing of a child, or it may be a dissipated or grouchy father; or it may be a nagging wife. It is hard to be pleasant at all times, but just grit your teeth and remember, "a kind answer turneth away wrath." After we have mastered ourselves a few times, we shall find it much easier. We must begin by learning to understand ourselves.

I enjoyed Minnie Burrough's letter so much. I, too, when a little child, lived with my grandparents. They lived in a two-roomed log house, with an upstairs. The steps led to the second story from the outside of the house. There were uncles and aunts growing up in this home, and we used to sit by the fireplace and bake wild crabapples in the hot ashes. We would sit and listen to the old folks tell how things were when they first came to Illinois in 1826, when the Indians were roaming over the prairies.

Now I should love to live those days over again, and sleep once more in the little trundle bed that was kept under the big cord bedstead in the best room, where the new rag carpet, with its many colored stripes, was laid, and where little muslin curtains hung at the windows. Grandma's spinning wheel rested in one corner of this room, after a hard day's work.

How I should love to live those days again! I sometimes wonder if our modern housewife is as happy as our grandmothers were. I think not, but why not? I wish some of the sisters would express themselves on this subject.

I must leave you for a while, but do not forget to

Keep sweet, keep sweet, no matter
What troubles you may meet;
Through the sunshine and the rain,
All will come out bright again,
If you will only keep sweet.
—Mrs. C. M. E., Illinois.

ABOUT THE LETTERS

As I have taken The Blade for very many years and my father was a constant subscriber when I was a boy at home, I thought that I would venture to write and tell you all how much I appreciate the letters I read from week to week in this and other departments of The Blade. I am a farmer man and live in Erie county, Pennsylvania, about six miles south of the shore of old Lake Erie. I do not remember reading a letter from anyone from this locality, but I know The Blade has many readers about here, the same as elsewhere. It seems almost incredible when we stop to consider how large a territory is represented in the letters. First there is one from some far-off writer, perhaps in the extreme south; then, perhaps next, we read a letter from some one living as far in an opposite direction, and so it goes, but after all, one can discover in the trend of each writing, the same general likeness, the one to the other.

No matter where our lot may fall, we find all about us the same common conditions of man and womankind. Some are very happy and contented; others always in trouble and sorrow. Some are very poor and despondent; others are prosperous and gay. So human life is made up, and will be till the end.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will close, hoping the readers of these few hasty thoughts may aspire for and obtain the best things in this life and in the life Eternal, over there, I am—A Friend, Pennsylvania.

A "RUN-IN" VISIT

As I have the carpet tacks out of two different carpets, ready for the line and the weather is too wet to put them out, I guess I will write to the C. C. sisters. I have received so much good from reading through the Household page, I thought I would add my little mite. Happy Wife's letter sounds like home to me. We live as she describes and it works all right, only we have five little children to look after besides ourselves. But we get along very well and have a happy home. This is all for today. With love to Elizabeth and all the rest, I am—Laura, Pennsylvania.

WE HELP HER

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—Will you allow a stranger to join you? I have been a reader of The Blade for a few months only, but I enjoy reading it very much. I get the paper every Thursday, and I am glad when it comes. I always turn to the Household page and read it first. It is of great help to me, as I am only 19 years of age and have not learned everything yet. I have been married four years. I have two children, one boy 2 years and 8 months old, and a girl of 10 months. I think they are very sweet.

My husband works for a man by the month and is not at home during the day. I always have the work done by night, so he can rest when he gets home. I am always glad when it is time for him to come.

Well, as my letter is not very interesting and is growing so long, I will close and perhaps come again some time. I have often thought I would write, but I feared I couldn't interest anyone, but I waited to let you know how much good your letters are doing me.—Mary E. Niles, Indiana.

INQUIRY

Clara A., of Oregon, writes: "Will some one kindly send some recipes for Christmas cake, the fruity and moist kind? I hope they will be tried and true recipes, for I have had such bad luck with two or three I've made, that I want a 'tried' one this time."

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Much obliged for the nice things you say in your letters about The Blade. Keep it up. Be a Blade booster.

Beware of despondency. It's a danger signal. Cheer yourself up, if it almost kills you to be cheerful. Get busy at something.

Remember, this is where we meet for health, happiness and good cheer. Help along with cheerful letters. Don't you see that when you are writing of pleasant things, you are thinking pleasantly, shutting out whatever may disturb you? When others read your pleasant letter, they get the same effect, and there you are; doing good to yourself and to the thousands and thousands who read this paper. Be a good cheer booster.

Mrs. Jane C. Taylor:—I will write to you as soon as possible. Meantime look at the best side of things. Turn your cloud inside out, and see where the light is shining.—Elizabeth.

When you write to this page, write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

CHESTNUTS AS A FOOD

In this country, except for turkey stuffing, little use is made of the chestnut, whereas abroad chestnut dishes of all kinds are very common. For one thing, chestnuts are a cheap food, and they lend themselves well to many ways of serving. So the French, the Spanish, and the Italian peoples, especially, send them to table served as vegetables plainly boiled, but masked with a good oil sauce. They have the nuts ground into chestnut flour of which they make good bread and various sorts of cakes and biscuits. They also boil them in sirup and serve them up as compotes; in short, in Europe chestnuts are considered very valuable food adjuncts and a great aid to cooking operations.—The Delineator.

Concerning the Pumpkin

THE pumpkin is commonly associated with pumpkin pies, "like mother used to make," and with jack-o'-lanterns for Halloween celebrations, but many other uses for it, in company with a bit of its history, were recently discovered in the November number of Every Woman's Magazine, to which we are much obliged for the following information and recipes:

The pumpkin is said to have come originally from Guinea, and like the watermelon, cantaloupe and cucumber, belongs to the gourd family. Its use as a food for both man and beast dates from the earliest ages and in many countries it forms the principal part of the diet of the poorer classes. Pumpkins vary in form and dimensions, ranging from the size of an apple to one weighing two hundred pounds. They are known by various names as vegetable marrow, Hubbard, Kershaw, Crookneck, etc. Whether those grown in New England are superior to any others is a question which might be disputed, but the land of the Pilgrims is undoubtedly the home of the pumpkin pie, for elsewhere the delectable dainty is scarcely more than half an inch in depth, while a good pumpkin pie is three or four inches thick.

Pumpkins may be cooked in a number of ways besides the usual pie and pudding and some housekeepers use the water in which it has been stewed, to mix their bread, asserting that it not only improves the taste, but that it keeps sweet and moist for a longer time.

Pumpkin Pie.

To one pint of grated pumpkin, add two teacupfuls of rich milk, one teacupful of sugar, four well-beaten eggs and cook in the double boiler for 15 minutes. Then take from the stove, add one tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of ground mace. Turn into pie shells which have been lined with rich pastry and bake in a moderate oven.

Pumpkin Croquettes.

To one pint of stewed pumpkin add one teacupful of cracker crumbs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teacupful of raisins and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Mix well, form into croquettes, dip in egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat, drain on unglazed paper. Dust with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Pumpkin Bread.

Mix two teacupfuls of corn meal with one teacupful of stewed pumpkin, add one tablespoonful of lard, one egg and one teaspoonful of salt. Moisten with a teacupful of buttermilk in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Turn into a well-greased pan and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Pumpkin.

Peel and cut the pumpkin into pieces as for stewing. Arrange them in a pan, sprinkle with sugar, bits of butter and dust lightly with ground cinnamon. Bake until tender and serve hot.

Scalloped Pumpkin With Bananas.

Season one quart of stewed pumpkin with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, one teacupful of cream, one-half of a teacupful of sugar and one-third of a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Peel and slice three bananas. Butter a baking dish, put first a layer of pumpkin, sprinkle with cracker crumbs, then a layer of bananas and so on until the dish is full. Cover the top with crumbs and bits of butter and bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven.

Christmas Post Cards Free

A Big Package Sent to All Our Readers Who Write at Once.

To any reader of this paper who writes immediately and incloses 2 cents stamps we will mail a set of five most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Very finest Floral, Birthday and Christmas cards, all different, in exquisite colors, beautifully embossed in gold. With each order we include full particulars of our big surprise of 50 choice cards free. Address The Art Post Card Club, 702 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

THE FAR NORTHWEST

PART THREE.

IN Alaska, the dogs that are used in harness are of two kinds: Malamoots, which have a short tail and weight 70 or 80 pounds, and the Huskies, which are a cross between the dog and wolf and resemble both. They are dangerous when hungry and are apt to attack a person if allowed to go unfed. The dogs are shod with deerskin shoes when going out on a trip These shoes cover the feet and are bound around the legs. The sleds are from 8 to 10 feet long and are very light. They are drawn by from 3 to 10 dogs; this according to the load. Traveling in this way is called "mushing," and the dogs go faster than horses can. The mail is carried by dogs to some points.

In June 1910, I reached Cordova where there was a homeward bound ship. I left my baggage and went to see the glacier. Here I will tell you about glaciers. In winter, small rivers and canyons fill with ice. In summer it begins to thaw and the great mass of ice moves out slowly toward the sea, or large river. As it spreads out over the water, it breaks off in great pieces, making a noise like thunder and causing tidal waves. It floats out to sea, where it is called an iceberg, each piece, or iceberg, being large enough to wreck a ship if it strikes it. There are dead glaciers, also. These do not move. Those that move are called live glaciers.

When I returned from viewing the glacier, some miscreant had stolen my baggage, but, as I had no time to lose, I boarded the ship without it, glad to be homeward bound. I took first class passage, got seasick, but was only three days on the voyage, as we had fair weather. I landed in Seattle and went to see Luna Park. Mt. Ranier is a fine sight, also. I traveled home over the Northern Pacific railroad. There is some of the finest scenery along that line, that can be imagined. There are some places where it almost makes one's hair stand on end to look out of the car window, down, down, to great depths. I passed through Spokane, Wash., and Billings, Mon., traveling on southward to Monnett, Mo., where I visited my brother and sister and some friends. Then I took the cars for Fayetteville, Ark. There I hired a livery rig and was driven 13 miles to Boulder Spring Cottage, my mother's home. Glad! I guess I was. I had not seen my mother for two years and I was glad to once more be in the home.

I stayed two weeks, then returned to Monnett, where you will find me now, working in the round house and boarding with my married sister. I have seen enough whales, porpoises, snow and ice, to last me a while, and mosquitoes—Oh my! The farthest north you go, the worse they are. They seem to hatch out of the snow in June, in Alaska.

Now that I have given you a brief sketch of my travels, I will make my bow and withdraw. Boys, don't go to Alaska.—Nelson Edgar Hartung.

The End.

In behalf of the readers of the Household page, I take great pleasure in thanking you for your interesting letters. Much Obliged.—Elizabeth Ayres.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Auguste Vespermann, De Forest, Wisconsin.

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."—Mrs. Auguste Vespermann, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. Lily Peyroux, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Completely Cured Our Little Boy of Fits."

A family can suffer no greater affliction than to have a child subject to fits or epilepsy. Many a father or mother would give their all to restore such a child to health.

"I am heartily glad to tell you of how our little boy who was completely cured of fits. He commenced having them at 10 years of age and had them for four years. I tried three doctors and one specialist but all of them said he could not be cured, so I got Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and made a complete cure. He is now hale, hearty and gay. It has been three years since he had the last spell. I shall give Dr. Miles' medicines praise wherever I go. You are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit and anyone writing to me I will gladly answer if they enclose stamp for reply."

F. M. BOGUE, Windfall, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is just what it is represented to be, a medicine compounded especially for nervous diseases, such as fits, spasms, St. Vitus' dance, convulsions and epilepsy. These diseases frequently lead to insanity or cause weak minds. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven most effective in relieving these dreaded maladies.

Sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

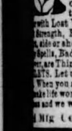
DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

BLOOD POISON CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe unexplained headaches, our special treatment will help you. Our Dr. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 cases of that company in the fifteen years ending May 1st, 1906, the date that company discontinued taking contracts. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of a cheap treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never failed. We are compelled to offer *free treatments* to procure new patients. Booklet on Blood Poison testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.
Suite 413 67 Clark Street, Chicago Ill.

PE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 102 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.



FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs. Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you lack Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Kidneys or Back, Stiff Shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dyspepsia, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Bladder, Thin, Weak, Run Down try BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they bring back Health and are worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE.

Big Co. Miles Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MORPHINE

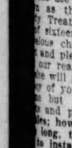
Other drug habits are successfully treated by NUNA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue **Free** mailed in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY
Holland Building St. Louis, Mo.

XMAS POST CARDS FREE

I have just bought five million Christmas Post cards, the very latest 1911 designs. Christmas Bells, Santa Clauses, Holly, Wreaths, Scenes, Stockings, Chimneys, Little Boys and Girls, Mottoes, Greetings. All kinds of Christmas designs, most artistic, produced in their natural colors and in the most pleasing way possible on the finest coated board. Send me only two two cent stamps for postage and wrapping and I will send you a set of the beautiful Christmas souvenir post cards. Don't send until the last minute because I want to tell you about my BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE I have for everyone who writes me and sends the two cent stamps. Do you want to know the secret of the big CHRISTMAS SURPRISE? Address E. T. Meredith, Box 234 DesMoines, Iowa

More Wrinkles.



Bust Developed
Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles Removed.
Superfluous Hair Disappears Instantly.

Valuable Information Offered FREE to Any Reader of This Paper.

It is joyful news to every woman. Marie Irene will give to every woman who desires to be beautiful full and detailed information regarding the most wonderful method of beauty-building ever brought to the world's attention.

By the use of her own wonderful method such as the "Bonito Home System of Facial Treatment" any woman from the age of sixteen to sixty may bring about a most wonderful change in her appearance in a very short and pleasant manner.

All our readers should write her at once and she will show you how you can in the comfort of your own room and unknown to your friends, by yourself apply the methods, secrets and processes for **quickly removing** wrinkles; **how to develop the bust; how to grow long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; how to instantly remove superfluous hair; how to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles; how to remove dark circles under the eyes; how to quickly remove double chin; how to build up sunken cheeks, and how to develop a beautiful, clear, healthy complexion.**

Miss Marie Irene gives this message of hope and happiness to every woman:

"I know how you long for these things, and I know the joy that will fill your heart when you witness the marvelous transformation and begin to realize that these priceless possessions are yours—that your longcherished dreams and your worry and despair are over, and when you gaze into the mirror you see the positive evidence that you, too, can rejoice in the possession of beauty of face and form."

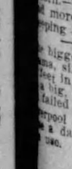
If you have tried other so-called 'treatments' or systems of Beauty Development and they failed to produce the desired results, do not give up hope.

Miss Marie Irene will send (in plain envelope) full and complete information absolutely free of charge to every woman who writes to the **Bonito Chemical Co., Suite 1004 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.** **NO MONEY.** Particulars are sent by return mail. If you send at once.

Collie Dogs and a Shetland Pony Free.

If you want to earn a thoroughbred Collie Dog or a splendid Shetland Pony and complete outfit? On December 1st I am going to give away a pony and a dog and twelve Scotch Collies. If you want to know how to get one, write me at once for particulars. E. T. Meredith, Press Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

WHY SUFFER



The Dangers of Stricture?

I found the cure sixteen years ago. Safe, Sure, Painless. Stops losses, restores vigor. Stricture dethrones health and vitality. My book explains the symptoms and cure. Sent free. My specialty is Stricture, Varicocele and Urinary Diseases. Address

G. ALLAN ROWE, M.D.
60 NIAGARA ST., S.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. ROWE.

DECLARES CUBA BLEW UP MAINE

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 2.—Lecturing at St. George's church here last night, Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, one of the four officers sent by the government to investigate the destruction of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor February 14, 1898, declared the mine which destroyed the battleship was placed by the Cubans in order to bring war with Spain and the deliverance of Cuba.

He further asserted that the information had been sent to the president and the secretary of war. Today he said in answer to a question that he did not know why the matter had not been made public by Washington. The name of the man who turned the electric switch that blew up the Maine was Jose Zavaldo. He was electrician at Morro Castle.

Col. Brady said Zavaldo was afterward shot by order of General Blanco.

5 KILLED IN GAS EXPLOSION

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 4.—A gas explosion occurred in the mines of the Yolande Coal & Coke Co. shortly after midnight last night, and five men were killed. The mines are located at Tuscaloosa county, 30 miles south of Birmingham. Chief State Mine Inspector James Hillhouse and his two assistants are on the scene.

The bodies of the victims have been taken out of the mine.

HERO DODGES MEDAL

Modest Illinois Man Is Finally Landed by Carnegie Committee.

Tucson, Ariz., Nov. 3.—The unique distinction of being chased almost around the world by a Carnegie medal, and being finally captured after six years, overpowered and branded as a hero, belongs to Henry P. McCoy, Tucson's newest and most modest citizen.

McCoy didn't want to be a hero and he put up a heroic fight against it, but his former deeds have found him out and he must sit down calmly and accept the medal and a matter of $1,000 that goes along with it.

It all happened down in Mendon, Adams county, Illinois, six years ago. Frank L. Sherrer, 21 years old, had been overcome by a powerful gas and lay unconscious at the bottom of a deep well. Farmers were searching for divers' suits and experts to make a descent when McCoy settled the difficulty by clambering down into the gas-filled well.

Comes Near to Death.

After remaining as long as he dared in an effort to save his companion, he started to ascend. He had all but reached the top of the ladder when he was overcome and would have fallen back into the well but for the assistance of men at the top.

But when the young man came to his senses in a hospital the next day he was disgusted to discover that everybody was planning to make a hero of him.

"Not for mine," he said, and straightway slipped out of town. He went to Chicago and obtained work. Then the Carnegie medal committee got traces of him. McCoy immediately departed for the east.

Realizing that the hero-makers were on his trail, he continued until he got to Honolulu. He spent two years there in peace and quiet until he learned of another move of the Carnegie people. So he moved again.

He kept moving until, a few weeks ago, he arrived in Tucson and got a job. He was taking life easy when the modest man was discovered, and—here he is, a hero!

TRIES AERIAL MAIL SERVICE

McCurdy to Fly From Ship 50 Miles to Land.

New York, Nov. 3.—It was announced last night that J. A. D. McCurdy, of Glenn H. Curtis' staff, will attempt to fly by aeroplane from the deck of a vessel 50 miles at sea to a point on Manhattan island next Saturday. The Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, of the Hamburg-American line, sailing at 10 a. m. Saturday will carry McCurdy and his Curtiss biplane.

The test, the first of its kind, will be observed by a party of navy and army officers and a flotilla of torpedo boats will patrol the course. The aeroplane will be launched from a platform 100 feet in length built on the forward deck of the ship under the personal direction of Mr. Curtiss, who is confident of the success of the experiment.

The test is to demonstrate the feasibility of equipping the new liner, Europia, the largest ship in the world, which is now under construction, with a regular aeroplane service for transferring mail at sea.

Rupture Quickly Cured
No Charge If You Don't Get Relief

Not a single cent comes out of your pocket if a trial of the Cluthe Truss which automatically gives Massage Treatment doesn't result in immense relief. We don't want a cent of your money unless this Truss does you a world of good.

Your Rupture Can't Come Out

You'll feel a whole lot stronger the minute you put this Truss on. Your rupture will never again come out.

No matter how you lift and strain, the Cluthe Truss will hold your rupture securely and comfortably in place. You'll never suffer another moment's discomfort. There is no belt, no leg straps, no springs, no harness of any kind whatever. Nothing at all uncomfortable. Think of that—you who now have to put your rupture back perhaps many times a day—you who now wear trusses that cause you constant torture.

Automatic Massage Treatment.

The Cluthe Truss automatically gives a wonderfully beneficial massage treatment.

It has Automatic Holding Pads. They are self-regulating—self-adjusting to every movement you make. That is why it is utterly impossible to force these pads out of position. There is always proper support for your rupture.

And these Automatic Holding Pads automatically massage the weakened muscles at the rupture opening until they are strong and sound.

This massaging does for these muscles what exercise does for the arms or legs. That is how the Cluthe Truss cures even after everything else has failed to do any good whatever.

Cures in a Short Time.

When you wear a Cluthe Truss, you can do any work that you could do if you weren't ruptured.

And, unless yours is a terribly bad case, the Cluthe Truss with its Automatic Massage Treatment will soon cure you so that you never need wear a support of any kind.

The Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases in history.

Cured men and women 50, 60 and 70 years old—people who had been ruptured 20 to 50 years—people who had worn dozens of other appliances in vain.

Our Expense If It Fails.

Please do not doubt these statements. See the proof in our free book it is your duty to send for.

Remember that you can try the Cluthe Truss at our risk. Let it prove all we say. If it fails to hold your rupture every minute of the day, it won't cost you a penny.

Free Book Tells.

We have written a book—which sums up all that we have learned about Rupture in forty years of day-after-day experience—in the successful treatment of over 280,000 cases.

This book explains why elastic, spring and leg-strap trusses can never cure. It explains about operations. It exposes the fraud behind some of the advertised "methods." It puts you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss with its Automatic Massage Treatment.

It tells the experience of many former sufferers. And we give you (with their permission) the names and addresses of over 3,500 people who have received instant relief at our hands—most of them entirely cured—some of them you probably know.

Write your name on a postal—or on the coupon below—brings you this helpful book. Send today—don't put it off—when you read this book you will know how you can get immediate relief without risking any more money.

When writing, please give our Box number as below—

FREE COUPON

Box 14--CLUTHE INSTITUTE
(For Rupture Exclusively)
185 East 23rd St., New York City.

Send me your Free Book on the Cure of Rupture

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

POISONED BY PIN PRICK

"Several years ago I had a little pimple come between my ankle and knee. I opened it with a pin which caused it to inflame. In a short time my limb was so poisoned and swollen I could scarcely use it. I suffered intense pain, being unable to rest day or night. I tried every remedy recommended, consulted several specialists but grew worse all the time, finding no relief in anything.

"My sister recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I began using the Cuticura Remedies according to directions and I was so much relieved that I slept some the first night. The itching, burning and swelling in my limb gradually decreased and the sore began to heal. After six months' suffering such as I had endured, the relief was wonderful. I continued the treatment several weeks and a permanent recovery was the result. I shall ever recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one suffering from blood and skin diseases. Mrs. D. M. May, R. F. D. 5, Goldsboro, N. C., Oct. 25, 1909." Mailed free Cuticura Book on Skin and Scalp Diseases; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Boston Mass.

CORN MOISTURE TEST

National Exposition Plans to Fix Standard.

Columbus Nov. 7.—One of the very interesting features to the corn raisers of the country will be the testing for moisture in the special laboratory at the national corn exposition to be held in Columbus two weeks, beginning January 30.

This is to encourage the farmer to grow a variety of corn which will mature well in his respective locality. The variation of moisture in corn ranges from 20 to 35 per cent, and heretofore dealers have been buying at a price of so much per 100 pounds, or bushel, and in that way paying as much for corn with moisture as they pay for this dry corn, making it a matter of "watered" stock beyond question of doubt.

A movement is now on foot for all millers and grain dealers in the state to install laboratories to make the moisture test, by which they will reduce corn to a 14 per cent moisture or a uniform moisture basis. The method of making these tests will be demonstrated at the national corn exposition by Prof. A. G. McCall, of the department of agronomy at the Ohio State university. the laboratory proposition for this special occasion to be installed at the instigation of the Ohio Grain Dealers' association. All conditions of corn will be tested in this laboratory and it will be reduced to a moisture basis to show the difference.

At a recent meeting in this city, the Ohio Grain Dealers' association passed a resolution backing the Ohio Corn Improvement association in the coming annual state show and made a liberal subscription to the premium list.

VANDERBILT MAKES AIR TRIP

New York, Nov. 2.—Cornelius Vanderbilt took his first ride in an aeroplane Tuesday at Belmont park.

Over a year ago Mr. Vanderbilt became interested in aviation and ordered a biplane from the Wright brothers. Because of the great demands on their time, the Wrights have not been able to deliver this machine. Yesterday while Orville Wright was fussing around his tents at Belmont park, Mr. Vanderbilt suddenly appeared.

"I have been watching these fellows fly around here for a week and I want to fly myself," he said.

Wright wheeled the machine in which Hoxsey flew from Springfield to St. Louis out onto the field and invited Mr. Vanderbilt to be seated. He took his guest 300 feet in the air and then cut across the field. For about five minutes he sailed about, cutting figure eights, and then landed in front of his tent.

TESTIFIES IN EAR CASE

Witness Tells of Attack on Non-Union Sailor.

Buffalo, Nov. 3.—Julius Benzino, an important witness for the people, was put on the stand yesterday by District Attorney Dudley in the trial of Joseph Meyers, alias Mike Armstrong, who is indicted on the charge of maiming Edward A. Fraser.

Fraser is the non-union seaman whose left ear was cut off on the night of June 27 by one of four men who attacked him. The ear was mailed to Harry Coulby of Cleveland.

Benzino testified he was in the saloon at Main and Lake streets on the night of the crime and that he saw Fraser there. Fraser, he declares, went out, but returned in five to ten minutes. The witness testified he saw the defendant and three other men go up to Fraser and force him to allow them to go through his pockets. He saw that when Meyers came to the front part of the room again he exhibited some stamps and a large knife and stamps to which Benzino later went out, but with two other men he came back in a few minutes and led out Fraser by the arm, the witness asserted.

At the opening of the trial in the morning Fraser testified to having the large knife and stamps to which Benzino later referred, when he entered the saloon, and that he was dragged out of the side door and hit on the head as soon as he was outside.

He declared that when he came to himself he was in a back yard.

FRAUD IS UNCOVERED

Cowboys and Farmers Drove Homesteaders From Their Homes at Gun Point.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 3.—Indictments returned by the federal grand jury Wednesday against nine ranchmen of western Nebraska were made public today.

The indictments charge conspiracy to drive from their claims at the points of guns homesteaders who took sections of semi-arid land under the Kinkaid homestead law. Several ranchers, Yeast and his associates among them, depended on this land for their hay.

Those indicted are Perry S. Yeast, of Hyannis, Neb.; his son, Frank W. Yeast; Leslie E. Ballinger, M. C. Hubbel, Emil Anderson, Wilmot Z. Emerson, Harry Sutton, Boone B. Hawthorne and Dr. Harry H. Huff.

Dr. Huff, a prominent physician, and Mr. Sutton, county attorney of Garden county, are members of the insanity board.

Yeast Served Term.

Yeast, one of the largest ranchers in the state, was convicted two years ago of fraudulently securing title to homestead land and paid a fine and served a jail sentence.

According to the charges made in the indictment, Yeast and his associates carried their efforts so far as to secure the incarceration in the insane asylum at Hastings, Neb., of one of their alleged victims.

The indictment charges that a band of about thirty persons, headed by Yeast, went to the homes of many of the homesteaders and by intimidation and threats of taking their lives and those of their families, forced them to leave their claim.

Destroys a Home.

The specific case of J. Davasher is mentioned in detail. It is charged that Yeast and the other defendants, accompanied by a band of cowboys, visited Davasher's home and after threatening himself and family with death if they did not leave the country, destroyed his home, broke up his machinery, cut his harness to pieces and in other ways mistreated him. Later, according to the indictment, Yeast conspired with members of the county insanity board and secured Davasher's incarceration in the asylum.

This latter act, according to the indictment, was committed in a high-handed manner. The insanity commissioners, it is alleged, went through a mock examination, declared Davasher insane and issued a warrant for his arrest. This was served on the spot and within an hour he was rushed off to the asylum without being permitted to have the advice of counsel.

Davasher's case was brought to the attention of the superintendent of the institution, who conduced an examination into the case. He at once decided Davasher was not insane and the latter was released by habeas corpus proceeding.

OFFERS $1,000 FOR SISTER

Millionaire Thinks Girl Eloped With Chauffeur.

New York, Nov. 4.—Bruce Blaisdell, son of Joseph Blaisdell, a millionaire coal dealer and president of the Standard Wood Co., yesterday said he would offer $1,000 reward for any information that will lead to the finding of his young sister, Miss Maud Blaisdell.

Visibly affected as he told of his sister's disappearance, Bruce Blaisdell said that his family had searched through nearly every city in the country to find the pretty 17-year-old girl, whose unexpected departure from her Brooklyn home, at 264 Decatur street, was only vaguely explained by a little note the girl left behind in her room.

Search is now being made to learn the whereabouts of John T. Havens, 28, married, whose wife of seven years is now living in the upper West Side. For eight years Havens was employed as chauffeur by the Blaisdell family and he was well liked and trusted implicitly, Bruce Blaisdell said.

FALLING BULLET KILLS BOY

Sullivan, Ind., Nov. 3.—A falling bullet killed Ralph Lisman, 8 years old, at Paxson, yesterday. His playmate, Lawrence Barcus, trying a new rifle, shot straight up into the air. Both boys stared upward, hoping to see the bullet. Descending it struck Lisman in the right eye and he dropped dead.

KILLS SELF WITH WATER

Suicide Crams Gun With Unusual Loading.

New York, Nov. 3.—Joseph Cerini, a dealer in antique and second-hand furniture, with a store at No. 250 West Thirtieth street, killed himself with one of the old guns that had hung up in his shop for many years. The old man, after loading the gun, filled the barrel with water. He then fastened it securely to a beam in the cellar and then seating himself an an empty box he pushed the trigger with a stick. The gun was an old fashioned muzzle-loader and was fired by means of a percussion cap.

All this happened shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning. The noise from the explosion aroused the inmates of the house and a quick investigation was made, which resulted in the discovery of Cerini's dead body. The head had been blown from the body.

Wife Aged and Blind.

Policeman McConnen of the West Thirty-seventh street station was called. He found that Cerini had been a sufferer from cancer of the tongue for more than three years. His wife, also aged, was completely blind and almost helpless.

The man had promised her that before the new year came in he would go back to Italy with her, where they might both die in peace. But his business had been poor and each day was bringing him nearer bankruptcy. These were troubles enough for any man. Cerini told a neighbor a few days ago that he thought he would end it all in a few days.

"I hate to go and leave her helpless and without money. Maybe she had better go too."

Planned to Kil' Her, Too.

Cerini had in mind evidently the killing of both himself and wife, but at the last hour decided to take but his own life.

The force of the explosion blew the gun-stock to fragments.

The dead man has a brother in this city and the blind wife has a son by a former husband. These the police will try and locate.

SAYS FEAR RULES LIFE

Rockefeller's Tutor Writes Intimate Biography of World's Richest Man.

New York, Nov. 3.—"John D. Rockefeller as He Is" is the subject of an unsolicited biography of the Standard Oil mentor, written by a tutor formerly in his family, Prof. Telemaque T. Timayenis, who seems to have unduced the financier to invest in a history of Greece.

This modern Telemachus has wandered to many lands seeking his fortune, and when he first met the Rockefeller family, whose life he minutely describes, he had a school of languages and gave to them instruction.

The confidential matters that he learned are set forth by this indefatigable writer, who remembers even what the family had for breakfast day by day. All the meals begin with cold water, an item which seems to irritate him. Prof. Timayenis declares that, with glowing eyes and with deep interest in the game, Mr. Rockefeller induced him to maintain as espionage over his other wealthy pupils, as, for instance, he was able to give a good tip to Mr. Rockefeller on information given to him by the late Jay Gould.

Wanted Public Approval.

"Oh, how many times," says the professor, speaking of Mr. Rockefeller, "I have heard him express the desire, the ardent wish for public recognition!

"Neither pen nor words, at least not mine, can describe how much Mr. Rockefeller fears publicity. He fears to have his acts questioned or criticised; fears to have even his family question him on matters of business; fears aye, the very sound of his own footsteps; fears his shadow; fears the reflection of his own image in the looking glass. The life of John D. Rockefeller is a constant fear. He fears tradespeople are not honest—in fact, I know from experience that no man has long been associated with John D. Rockefeller who can escape being impregnated with fear.

"Success, Mr. Rockefeller once told me, was achieved by keeping the mouth closed and the ears open."

It was evident there were times when the financier grew weary of the lecturing of his tutor, for he is reported as yawning in impressive periods, and once he inquired when the professor "intended to relieve" and then added quickly, "I mean, professor, how long do you intend to stay with us."

The professor says that he was, in all, for seven years attached to the Rockefeller household.

TYPE WOULD CIRCLE EARTH

Washington, Nov. 2.—Some idea of the vast amount of work that is done in the government printing office annually can be gained from the figures just completed for the type composition for last year.

More than 3,000 tons of type metal were used in making 1,963,899,000 ems of type of every description. If the individual lines of type were placed end to end, they would stretch out over a distance of 31,000 miles, or more than one and one fifth times the circumference of the earth.

GUARDS WHOLE COAST

Government Hears of Plot to Smuggle Chinese.

New York, Nov. 4.—Every port from Maine to Florida is being scoured by government agents today to check an alleged widespread plot to smuggle Chinese into Eastern shipping centers.

The watch for Chinamen is the result of a confession alleged to have been made by Tong Shu Wan, a former government interpreter. Wan was arrested some time ago on a charge of being implicated in a smuggling conspiracy. He made his escape, but when he was run down by secret servicemen it is said he made a clean admission of what he knew of the plot. The present activity on the part of the department of justice has resulted.

Many vesse's around the port of New York were boarded by government officials who cruised about the harbor on the revenue cutter Manhattan. Up to an early hour this afternoon, their mission had not resulted in any discoveries.

Meanwhile, several detachments of special agents were at work in other ports along the Atlantic seaboard.

GHOULS BREAK 25 COFFINS

Vandals Invade Cemetery and Open Graves.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—Vandals last night invaded a tomb in the cemetery at Somerville and opened 2 5coffins.

This burial ground has practically been closed for the past 15 years, as all the lots are filled.

Alfred E. Mann, an undertaker, discovered the work of the ghouls today. He noticed that the lock on the tomb of the Cutter heirs of East Somerville was broken and on going inside found that not a single coffin was left intact. The bones were scattered about the ground.

Five years ago half a dozen coffins in this cemetery were broken open.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

KITTENS LIKE SIAMESE TWINS

There Are Three of Them, Though Grown Together.

Middleport, N. Y., Nov. 3.—Tigress the large cat owned by James Albone gave birth a few days ago to three kittens, which were all fastened along the length of their sides to one another their heads are all faced one way, and almost in a line, and they are perfect in head body and legs, all three being able to stand at the same time and walk.

They are very active and bright, and were it not for the fact that they are bound or attached to each other by a thick strip of flesh about an inch and a half in length along their sides they would not seem different from ordinary kittens. Owing to their peculiar color being reddish calico, white and Maltese, they have been named Red, White and blue.

Two other kittens complete the litter. The white kitten is the center one of the trio and seems to be the largest and the strongest.

Mr. Glad E. Went makes his Fortune in the *Santa Fe Southwest*

Santa Fe
All the Way

There are opportunities for you, too, in the prosperous Southwest. Here are our folders about different locations. They tell how others have broken away from the treadmill of city life and now are independent landowners:

"Kansas: A Small Story of a Great State."
"The New State of Oklahoma."
"Panhandle and South Plains of Texas."
"Gulf Coastings (Texas)."
"The Arkansas Valley."
"The Pecos Valley of New Mexico."
"New Mexico."
"Arizona and the Salt River Valley."
"U. S. Government Free Lands."

You may get these folders, or any one of them, by addressing C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 211 Railway Exchange, Chicago. Say which ones you want. If asked, also will place your name on six months' free mailing-list of *The Earth*, our colonization journal.

For information about Homeseekers' Excursions twice a month to the Santa Fe Southwest, ask

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager,
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
1119 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Southwest Homeseekers' Excursions

LATHAM FLIES OVER CITY

Aviator Puts Many Evolutions Into 42-Minute Flight at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Nov. 8.—Hubert Latham was probably the only aviator in Baltimore, if not in the United States yesterday morning who believed that he would accomplish a flight of nearly 25 miles, about half of it over this city. Predictions that he would be killed, that he would fall in the attempt, and that he would not even make the venture were abundant.

Today Latham is hailed on all sides as a hero who has accomplished the impossible and establishing a new record for over-city flight, has disclosed new possibilities in aviation.

To Fort McHenry.

Latham was to follow the course of the Patapsco river from near the aviation field to Fort McHenry, whose banner furnished Francis Scott Key the inspiration for his famous poem; thence up the inner harbor to and around the Sun building, thence east to the city limits a mile north, and thence west to Druid Hill park, down Charles street, and thence again west and later southwest to the aviation field.

There was to be a short detour for the benefit of Ross Winans, a wealthy invalid, who, unable to leave his home, offered an additional $500 if Latham would come within his range of vision. All this Latham accomplished, and into the program he injected some wonderful evolutions. He varied his altitude from 400 to 2,000 feet, and had to contend with wind blowing at from seven to fifteen miles an hour. He used his 50-horsepower Antoinette, and was in the air 42 minutes, making no stop after leaving the field until he returned. It is estimated that the flight, which is understood to establish a record for over-city flying, was witnessed by half a million people.

Many Real Competitions.

There were real competitions at the aviation field yesterday. Here again Latham came to the front by winning first in the duration and also in the distance contests. Count Jacques De Lesseps, in his Bleriot, took second prizes in the altitude and in the duration trials, and J. Armstrong Drexel sailing a Bleriot, won the first prize for altitude. His record was 1,886 feet, while Count De Lesseps scored 1,722.

Latham took first duration prize by remaining in the air 47 minutes and 31 seconds, De Lesseps remaining aloft 30 minutes and 42 4-5 seconds. The latter tried for altitude but was compelled to descend after reaching a height of 820 feet, because of motor trouble.

Three minutes before the closing bomb was fired Willard began a short flight in a Curtiss biplane. Latham's flight over the city did not count in his duration score, as it was finished before the official opening of the day's flights.

After flying in the "baby" Wright biplane from the railroad station to the course Archie Hoxsey made a bad landing and damaged the machine. It will be repaired in time for today's flights. Hoxsey, who is expected to try to take the world's altitude record from Johnstone while here, was unhurt.

95 cents

Post Paid

$15.00 for 95 Cents

Our 95c set and your $15 to us—both your money and satisfaction back if you say so—for postage, packing and cost of this advertisement, and we will send to you by return mail postpaid this elegant Watch and Make Confidence worth $15.00. Other watches may be used at any price by any of your friends from our catalogue (prices of watches and necklaces $15 to $5), all for 95 cents. This watch is a perfect gentleman's size, open face, solid nickel silver guard that cannot tarnish, with genuine American movement, reliable, reads time to a minute, and will run a year without winding. It is made to introduce our watch & jewelry business, and only one watch & necklace will be sent to each person ordering. Send 95 cents TODAY or write for our free catalogue and many wonderful bargains. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Reference any bank in Chicago. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 350 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

U. S. NEEDS AEROPLANES

Chief Signal Officer Wants Army Aircraft.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Twenty aeroplanes at least are needed for the United States government service, says Gen. James Allen, chief signal officer of the army, in his annual report made public last night.

"These aeroplanes should be on regular practice at different points in the contry throughout the year," continues Gen. Allen. "They should be present in camps of instruction for regular troops and organized militia. Twenty aeroplanes would provide but two for each camp of instruction. To operate this number would require at least 20 specially trained officers as pilots. In addition to this, each machine must carry at least one observer, which, experience has shown, will require much training and actual practice before the usefulness of the heavier-than-air machine is attained."

Gen. Allen deprecates that although the United States was the first nation officially to recognize the aeroplane for military purposes, this government has not kept pace with the world in the development of military aeronautics. Such has been the rapid development of aerial navigation since the government carried out tests in 1908 that it has been left far behind.

Summed up the aero equipment of the United States army consists of one small practice dirigible balloon, one Wright aeroplane and three small captive balloons, says the general.

MISCELLANEOUS.

262 Acre Farm and Mill

Livestock, Machinery and Crops Included. Only $1,500 Cash Needed.

All live stock, machinery, tools, gathered crops and a lath mill with all necessary machinery thrown in with this big, rich farm; level, loamy fields, best potato soil, cut 60 tons of hay, brook watered pasture for 12 cows, 1,000 cords wood, 75,000 feet timber, good orchard; near neighbors and schools, convenient to two large villages; 11-room house, 100-ft. barn, other outbuildings including lath mill with engine and all machinery; 2 horses, 5 cows, 2 heifers, 2 hogs, potatoes, grain, 30 tons hay, complete valuable farming machinery and tools, 10 cords fitted stove wood, everything for $4,200; $1,500 cash, balance easy terms. Full details and traveling directions to see this splendid property, page 7, Strout's Biggest Farm Bargains, copy free. Station 105. E. A. Strout, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

MALE HELP.

LEARN to write advertisements; you can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., 18 Page Bldg., Chicago.

UTILITY CAPSULES cure rheumatism; box $1. 519 Main st., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Manager, Man or Woman, for each county to introduce WHITE RIBBON CONCENTRATED NON-ALCOHOLIC FLAVORING IN TUBES. Saves half the cost. Everybody buys and reorders. $2.50 per day salary and commission. Also local agents 50 per ct. commission. J. S. ZIEGLER CO., 86 Plymouth st., Chicago.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills. Always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

PORTUGAL IN NEW UNREST

Lisbon, Nov. 2.—The new republic of Portugal is threatened with a military revolution.

The Second and Fifth regiments today addressed a round-robin to provisional President Braga, declaring that they were prepared for an insurrection if they were not granted [illegible] pensions and pensions for helping overthrow the monarchy.

The government probably will yield

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK.
Sedalia Mo Jan.-1-1910.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure TO KNOW IT MAY CONCERN:

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? IMPURE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES

There are many makes of hunting rifles, but only one that is reliable; that's the Winchester. Winchester rifles repeat. They don't jam, catch or fail to extract. From the eleven different models of Winchester Repeaters, you can easily select a rifle adapted for hunting your favorite game, be it squirrels or grizzly bears. Winchester rifles are made for low, medium or high power cartridges in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50, and in styles and weights to suit everybody. No matter what Winchester you select, you can count on its being well made, safe, accurate and reliable.

Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition—the Red W Brand—are made for each other and sold everywhere.

MORE THAN A MILLION WINCHESTERS ARE IN USE

RHEUMATISM

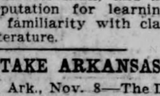
Remarkable Michigan External Remedy Which Is Curing Thousands Sent TO TRY FREE.

Just Mail My Coupon

Don't take medicine to draw out impurities but help Nature expel them through the pores in her own simple way.

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.

Send me coupon today. Return mail will bring you a regular $1.00 pair of **Magic Foot Drafts,** the great Michigan remedy which is curing thousands. **TO TRY FREE.** Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, send nothing. **You decide** and we take your word. Magic Foot Drafts are curing **Rheumatism** in every form—**Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout,** etc., no matter in what stage of progress or how many physicians have failed. The simple principles underlying this wonderful treatment are fully explained in our illustrated free book. Don't delay, but send the coupon now—today—**while you can.** Send no money—just the coupon.



This $1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular $1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, WB46 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

Joe Cannon Comes Back

Danville, Ill., Nov. 8—Joseph G. Canonn, speaker of the house of representatives, was re-elected to congress today from the eighteenth Illinois congressional district by a slightly reduced plurality.

Powers Is Vindicated

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 8.—Caleb Powers, of the Eleventh Kentucky district, was elected to congress today.

He is one of the two Republican candidates for congress who succeeded in getting through. Throughout his campaign Powers has frankly demanded his election as vindication for the charges of complicity in the murder of Governor Goebel in 1898, and his long imprisonment while he waited the tedious grind of the courts, his appeal from conviction.

Powers is an able man, and has a state-wide reputation for learning in the law, and familiarity with classics of English literature.

DEMS. TAKE ARKANSAS.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 8—The Democrats made a clean sweep in today's congressional election, electing all nominees. A fair vite was polled.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Streng and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man, who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, as that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3898 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

FIRST SOCIALIST SENT TO CONGRESS

Victor Berger of Milwaukee Carries Fifth Wisconsin District.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 8.—Victor Berger, Socialist, has been elected to congress in the Fifth Wisconsin district. He is the first Socialist to go to congress.

On April 6 last the news was flashed that Milwaukee had elected a Social Democratic mayor, Emil Seidel. The next day the Milwaukee Republican daily, the Sentinel, made the following comment.

"To the public mind, Social Democracy in this city, and the committee which will hold Mayor Seidel and his fellow-officials in the hollow of its hands, means—Victor Berger.

"We are not saying that to belittle Mr. Seidel, who has our respect as a citizen and our good wishes as a public official, but simply to state an essential and important fact about our Social Democracy.

"Substantially it means—Victor L. Berger.

"Social Democracy in Milwaukee is what it is, either for good or ill, chiefly because of Mr. Berger. He is its pioneer, its propogandist, its sponsor. Its history is mainly his biography as a citizen of Milwaukee. He rocked it in its cradle, reared it, and now exults to see it battling in control of this great city."

Haverhill and Brockton, small Massachusetts towns, elected Socialist mayors some 10 years ago. But Milwaukee was the first large city in this country to choose a Socialist executive.

"We got there," says Berger, "by simply keeping at it." Now it has elected Berger congressman.

Some years ago, at a conference of Socialists, Single-Taxpayers, and reformers and radicals of every affiliation, held at the Stokes mansion at Noroton, Connecticut, on the invitation of Robert Hunter, a member of the company, in conversation with Berger, asked him: "Don't you ever get tired?" "Of Socialism, never!" he replied, with emphasis. On the same occasion he made a vigorous presentation of Marxist doctrine which threw into comparative insignificance the oratorical efforts of almost all the other speakers. "This man is a modern Martin Luther," said Arthur Brisbane, after listening to his address.

The tradition of Berger is German, but he was born in Nieder-Rehbach, Austria-Hungary. He is 50 years old. The first large cities that he knew were Budapest and Vienna. Even as a boy he felt and responded to the Socialistic motive.

While still a young man, his parents suffered financial reverses and decided to come to America. He emigrated with them to the New World. He went west, but could not at that time speak the language and suffered many hardships. For a while he was reduced to the verge of trampdom. He did all sorts of odd jobs, from repairing wash boilers to "punching" cattle. Returning to New York, he learned the trade of metal polisher. His active mind, however, gradually led him away from manuel work. He became a school teacher and settled down in Milwaukee.

All this time he was winning the respect of the German-American world, and becoming more and more pronounced in his radical views. He was first a Populist, and later a Socialist. At trade union gatherings and workingmen's meetings of all kinds he was constantly to be found arguing, agitating, proslyting.

The campaign for Berger has been scientifically fought. It represents a gain in the Socialist vote in Milwaukee from 2,414 to about 27,000 in the present election.

SOCIALISTS ESTIMATE MILLION VOTES IN U. S.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8..A big crowd of Socialists gathered at the party's headquarters this evening and cheered the returns showing a big increase in the Socialists vote.

It was estimated by them that the total vote of the party in Chicago was 50,000. A total of 1,000,000 votes was estimated as the Socialist vote all over the country this year.

In Chicago the estimate would give an increase of 35,000 over the strength shown at the city election last spring, and be the biggest Socialist vote cast since the presidential election of 1904, when Eugene V. Debs got 57,000 in Cook county.

As the returns were read by speakers in the hall of the Young People's Socialist League the crowd cheered as the figures indicated the increases in the vote. Returns from Milwaukee showing the election of Berger and Gaylord to congress brought the crowd to its feet, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

"On to Washington," shouted J. O. Bentall, secretary of the Socialist state committee.

The slogan was taken up by the crowd and the enthusiasm continued unabated until the chairman called for order so that additional returns could be read. Cheering broke out anew when a bulletin was read showing that the Socialist vote in Rochester, N. Y., increased from 11,000 in 1904 to 22,000 this year.

CONNECTICUT IS DEMOCRATIC.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 8.—At 10:30 p. m. it was difficult to definitely determine the general result of the election in Connecticut. Baldwin (Dem.) for governor, appears to be elected by about 4,000. Tilson for congressman at large is probably safe; Higgins reelected in the Third congressional district; Reilly (Dem.) is elected in the Second district and Henry and Hill in the First and Fourth district will probably be re-elected.

TIDAL WAVE SWEEPS OVER WHOLE NATION

Progressives and Regulars Alike Suffer As Democrats Make Tremendous Gains in Almost Every State

Elections held throughout the country yesterday resulted in a political convulsion of far-reaching extent, similar at many points to the famous tidal wave of 1882 and apparently more widespread in its effect.

The national house of representatives has been carried by the Democrats, reversing the present Republican majority of 43.

The United States senate will probably have a rduced Republican majority as the result of of legislative lctions hld in many states.

Dix Carries New York.

In New York state John A. Dix, Democvratic candidate for governor, is elected over Henry L. Stimson, Republican, by a plurality of about 55,000, reversing the Republican plurality of 70,000 in 1908 for Governor Hughes.

In New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, Democratic candidate for governor, is elected over Vivian M. Lewis, Republican, by about 15,000 plurality, reversing the previous Republican plurality of 8,000 for Governor Fort.

Massachusetts Democratic.

In Massachusetts Eugene N. Foss, Democratic candidate, has defeated Governor Eben S. Draper, Republican candidate for re-election, by about 30,000 plurality, reversing Governor per's former plurality of 8,000.

In Connecticut Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, Democratic candidate, is elected governor over Charles A. Goodwin, Republican, by about 40,000 plurality, reversing the previous Republican plurality of 16,000.

In Ohio Governor Judson Harmon, Democratic candidate for re-election, appears to have carried the state by about 15,000 over Warren G. Harding, Republican candidate.

Tener's Race Close.

In New Hampshire Robert P. Bass, Republican candidate for governor, is leading Charles E. Carr, Democratic candidate by about 6,000 plurality.

In Pennsylvania the election of John E. Tener, Republican candidate for governor, is claimed by a small plurality.

In Rhode Island Governor Pothier, Republican candidate for re-election is slightly in the lead over Lewis A. Waterman, Democratic candidate, with a plurality reduced from that of 1909.

In Tennessee the Fusion candidate, Ben W. Hoover, is apparently elected by 15,000 plurality.

Democratic governors have been elected in Alabama and South Carolina.

In Iowa the Democrats claim the election of Claude R. Porter for governor, but this is not vet conceded.

In Wisconsin the election of the Republican candidate for governor, Francis E. McGovern, is claimed by a reduced majority and the return of Senator La Follette to the United States senate is assured.

In Michigan Charles S. Osborne, the Republican candidate for governor, has a safe lead over L. T. Hemans, Democrat.

The Next Speaker.

The next speaker will be elected by the Democrats and it is taken as a foregone conclusion that Champ Clark will be chosen.

It was necessary for the Democrats to gain 22 seats, which apparently, they have done, with a safe margin, besides, to offset Republican gains. New York city and Chicago lead in these changes, New York making six Democratic gains, with another district outside the city, that of Representative Cooks, which includes Col. Roosevelt's home in doubt.

Republicans in Chicago concede the defeat of three of their congressional candidates for re-election and it is possible five or six may be defeated in formerly Republican districts.

"Regulars" and Republican progressives suffered together in the Democratic landslide. Even progressive Wisconsin could not stand up against the overwhelming Democratic sentiment. While Uncle Joe Cannon won his Danville district and John Dalzell and Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, was also won, Madden, Mann and Moxley, among Cannon's most trusted aides in the house, have gone by the board with the probable defeat also of Campbell of Kansas, another prominent Cannon man.

Caleb Powers was elected to congress by the Republicans in Kentucky.

The United States senate, however, judging from reports thus far received, will retain a substantial Republican majority.

New Governors

The following is a partial list of governors who were elected throughout the country yesterday:

Alabama, Emmett O'Neal, D.
California, Hiram W. Johnson, R.
Colorado,
Connecticut, Simeon E. Baldwin, D.
Idaho, James H. Brady, R.
Iowa, Claude R. Porter, D.
Kansas, W. R. Stubbs, R.
Kentucky,
Massachusetts, Eugene N. Foss, D.
Michigan, Chase E. S. Osborn, R.
Minnesota,
Missouri,
Montana,
Nebraska, Chester H. Aldrich, R.
New Hampshire, Robert P. Bass, R.
New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, D.
New York, John A. Dix, D.
North Dakota.
Ohio, Judson Harmon, D.
Oklahoma, Lee Cruce, D.
Oregon,
Pennsylvania, J. K. Tener, R.
Rhode Island,
So. Carolina, Coleman L. Bease, D.
South Dakota.
Tennessee, *Ben W. Hooper, Ind. D.
Texas, O. B. Colquitt, D.
Wisconsin, Francis E. McGovern, R.
Wyoming, Joseph M. Carey, D.

*Indorsed by Republicans.

Wonderful Bargain

Hyde-Grade Cloth Petticoat

98c

Just in order to thoroughly demonstrate to ladies everywhere that our mail order department offers greater bargains than any house in the United States we will send this beautiful serviceable petticoat to any address upon receipt of only 98c. This petticoat is made of the world famed unequalled Hyde-Grade Cloth, made with full circular flounces with rows of shirring and six pin tucks, finished with six inch silk embroidered ruffle in exquisite eyelet design. The very latest style and a marvel of beauty. Colors: Gray, Tan, Green, Rose, Lavender, Brown, Copenhagen, Navy, also Black. Send waist measure and length.

Enclose 10c to pay postage.

Send for our monthly bargain bulletin brimfull of tremendous bargains of every imaginable kind of goods that affords a saving of from 30% to 60% and even 100% on your necessities. Our policy of money back if not satisfied has made ours the largest department store in Ohio. Our mail order department offers the same money saving advantages as are daily offered on our store counters. Make all remittance by currency, Post Office or Express Money Orders and address

The May Co. **Dept. B Cleveland, Ohio.** *Largest Department Store in State of Ohio*

DEMOCRATS GAIN HOUSE CONTROL

Chicago, Nov. 8.—That the next house of representatives will be controlled by the Democrats was indicated by the returns tonight.

The Democrats gained from the Republicans seats in congress in eight states. In New York seven Republican seats were won by the Democrats. In Maryland, Massachusetts, North Carolina each the Republicans lost two seats.

Losses were definitely known to have been sustained also in Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The known Democratic gain up to 11 o'clock was 19 seats, offset by the Republican gains from the Democrats, one each in New York and Pennsylvania.

Reports received from other states indicated that the Democrats would have ample margin to assure them the 22 seats neecssary to give them control of the house, two Democratic gains previously having been reported in Maine. In Oklahoma returns were that the Democrats probably gained two seats, due apparently to the operation of the grandfather clause, which debarred negro Republicans from voting.

At Democratic headquarters in New Jersey, it was claimed that the state would hold eight seats, making a Democratic gain of five.

In West Virginia, reports stated that the Democrats had gained in three congressional districts. Missouri returns showed one known with three probable Democratic gains, while in Iowa and Illinois, the returns indicated that the Democratic gains would total six seats.

In North Carolina, returns indicated Democratic gains probably would increase to three.

A big surprise came from Wisconsin when the Republican committee conceded the election of Victor L. Berger, Social-Democrat to congress from the Fifth district, which is now held by the Democrats.

James T. Lloyd, chairman of the Democratic National congressional committee issued the following statement tonight:

"Present indications are that congress will be Democratic by about 35 majority. Thus far the returns indicate that our pre-election estimates were about correct.

"The causes which have led to the results of today are well known. It is a serious rebuke to the Republican party for its failure to reduce the tariff as the people believed the party had promised. The high cost of protected, manufactured articles which has resulted in greatly increased cost of living has had very much to do with producing this result. There is general dissatisfaction with existing political conditions and with the present Republican administration. This has led to its repudiation as far as could be done at the polls.

"The Democratic party has won a victory because the only hope of the people is in its supremacy.

"The Republican party has shown by its course that it will not enact legislation in the interest of the masses where such legislation would be to the detriment of the classes."

For a few hours it looked as if M. W. Howard, the Republican nominee for congress in the seventh district of Alabama, would be elected, thus breaking into the Democratic hold upon the state. But his opponent, John L. Burnett, managed to pull through.

Arkansas, as usual, was very late in reporting. The real status of the election in that state will not be officially known until tonight. The congressmen, however, will be Democratic.

So far the Republicans who have had easy sliding in California were the progressives. With the stand-pat and Southern Pacific railroad candidates the Democrats have had a comparatively easy time. The deleqtion political standing is not fully known.

Delaware has but one congressman. The Republican candidate, William H. Heald, was re-elected.

Georgia and Florida send 11 and three Democrats to Washington respectively. There was a fight between William M. Howard, independent Democrat and Samuel J. Tribble, regular candidate. Tribble won.

Burton L. French, Republican, was elected congressman at large from Idaho.

Late returns give the following results in states now mentioned above:

	Rep.	Dem.
Maryland	1	5
Massachusetts	9	5
Minnesota	8	1
Nebraska	4	2
Nevada	..	1
New Jersey	2	8
New York	18	19
Oregon	2	..
Washington	3	..
W. Virginia	2	3
Wyoming	1	..

The Illinois results were as follows:

Chicago Congressmen.

District.	Party.
1. Martin B. Madden	Republican
2. James R. Mann	Republican
3. W. W. Wilson	Republican
4. James T. McDermott,	Democratic
5. Adolph J. Sabath	Democratic
6. Edmund T. Stack	Democratic
7. Frank Buchanan	Democratic
8. Thomas Gallagher	Democratic
9. Lynden Evans	Democratic
10. Richard J. Finnegan	Democratic

Outside Chicago.

11. Ira C. Copley	Republican
12. Charles E. Fuller	Republican
13. John C. McKenzie	Republican
14. James McKinney	Republican
15. George W. Prince	Republican
16. Joseph V. Graff	Republican
17. John A. Sterling	Republican
18. Joseph G. Cannon	Republican
19. William B. McKinley,	Republican
20. Henry T. Rainey	Democratic
21. James M. Graham	Democratic
22. William A. Rodenberg,	Republican
23. Martin D. Foster	Democratic
24. Pleasant T. Chapman,	Republican
25. N. B. Histlewood	Republican

In Indiana the Republicans gained only two districts out of thirteen. One of the most interesting of the contests was in Judge Crumpacker's district which he has represented for many years. The situation there was exceedingly complicated by the fact that the residents of Gary, the new steel town, had gained their voting residents this year. No one has been able to tell just how Gary would vote. Even at this hour the vote is only estimated. The Democrats have claimed the election of their candidate in the Tenth.

In Iowa Judge Prouty was elected, though he has gone through the most bitter fight of the campaign. Congressman Walter I. Smith, a Cannonite and one of the members of the famous rules committee of the house, was re-elected. His plurality was cut. He lost about 2,000 votes. The Republicans probably have elected their men in all except the Second, Fourth and Sixth districts, doubtful.

In Kansas, Daniel R. Anthony, Jr., standpat Republican, was re-elected, being unopposed. Madison and Murdock, who were leaders of the insurgent movement against Cannon in the house of representatives, pulled through without any trouble, Murdock having no opponent. The Democrats claim the election of Frank Rockefeller, a large ranch owner anr relative of John D. Rockefeller. He made a very picturesque campaign.

The Republicans were hit hard in Kentucky, gaining but two seats out of eleven. Caleb Powers and John W. Langley were the Republicans elected.

There were four Republican contestants in Louisiana, but they had no show. Their defeat was conceded with the closing of the polls. Louisiana sends seven Democrats to the house.

The election in Maine was held in September. The delegation consists of two Democrats and two Republicans.

Here is a partial list of the successful candidates in Michigan:

Third Michigan district, J. M. C. Smith, Republican, elected.

Sixth district, S. Smith, Republican, re-elected.

Seventh Michigan district, Henry McMorran, Port Huron, Republican, re-elected.

Eighth Michigan district, Joseph W. Fordney, Republican, re-elected.

Ninth Michigan district, James C. McLaughlin, Republican, re-elected.

Eleventh Michigan district, Frank H. Dodds, Republican, re-elected.

The Missouri results known at this hour are as follows:

Second district, W. W. Rucker, Democrat.

Third, J. Alexander, Democrat.

Fourth, C. F. Boohr, Democrat.

Fifth, W. P. Borland, Democrat.

Sixth, C. C. Dickinson, Democrat.

Seventh, C. W. Hamlin, Democrat.

Ninth, Champ Clark, Democrat.

Mississippi will send eight Democrats to Washington. They were unopposed.

Charles N. Pray, Republican, was elected congressman-at-large in Montana.

Cyrus A. Sulloway and Frank D. Currier, Republicans, were elected in New Hampshire. They are classed as progressives.

The Democrats carried North Carolina.

The two candidates on the Republican ticket for congressmen were probably elected in North Dakota.

The delegation in Oklahoma will be divided. The grandfather law, which barred many negroes from the polls, helped the Democrats tremendously.

The sensation in Pennsylvania was the election of a Democratic congressman from Philadelphia. John Dalzell, Cannonite, won easily in Allegheny.

Two Republicans were elected in Rhode Island, the entire delegation.

South Carolina gave its confidence as customary to the Democrats.

Results in South Dakota are unknown at this hour.

Factional fights in Tennessee have greatly confused the election. There are threats of contests.

Texas returned 14 of its 16 congressmen and elected two other Democrats.

Joseph Howell, Republican, was re-elected in Utah, the state having but one congressman.

Vermont held its election early, and only looked on today. Republicans will represent the state.

The Democratic ticket carried throughout Virginia, though there is one disputed congressional election.

In Wisconsin, the Republicans were successful with the exception of the district representing Milwaukee, which elected Victor Berger, Socialist.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin elected govenor of Connecticut, the first Democrat in eighteen years, by 3,240, over Charles Goodwin, but the rest of the Republican ticket is elected, including Tilson, of New Haven, for congressman-at-larg is elected. Two Republican and one Democratic congressman were elected, with the result very close in the First district, where Lonergan, Democrat, is leading.

Membership of house	**391**
Majority	**196**
Republican membership	**215**
Democratic membership	**172**
Vacancies	**4**
Republican majority	**43**
Republicans can lose and control.	**19**
Democrats must gain to control.	**22**

DIX, DEMORCRAT, IS NEW YORK VICTOR

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, Nov. 8.—New York state was carried for the Democratic ticket today by about 60,000 plurality for the head of the ticket, John A. Dix.

The rest of the Democratic state ticket is elected by reduced pluralities The Republicans lost every member of congress in Greater New York except William M. Calder in Brooklyn. The legislature on joint ballot will be Republican, thus insuring a successor to Chauncey M. Depew of like political faith.

150,000 Stay at Home.

The vote cast in the state of New York is perhaps the most surprising feature of the election. More than 150,000 electors remained away from the polls. Dix, although triumphant by 60,000 plurality, will receive 40,000 votes less than Chanler. He will receive fewer votes than Hearst got two years before Chanler ran, and fewer votes than Herrick, two years before Hearst.

Stimson will receive not within 100,000 of the vote that went to Hughes two years ago and hardly within 90,000 of the vote that went to Higgins six years ago. It is probable that 100,000 Republicans declined to go to the polls.

Loss in G. O. P. Vote.

In no county above the Harlem bridge is there an increase in the Democratic vote. In some districts above the Harlem the loss was 20 per cent., but the loss in the Republican vote is as high as 40 per cent. in several sections of the state.

Henry George Wins.

In New York City, Herbert Parsons, Republican, was defeated for re-election as a representatice to congress by J. M. Levy, Dem., as was William S. Bennet, Republican, by Henry George, Jr. Mr. Parson's defeat is the first Democratic gain in the house of representatives registered in today's elections throughout the country.

Theodore Roosevelt's home district, in Oyster Bay, Long Island, gave Dix a plurality of 204 as against a plurality of 793 for Hughes in 1908.

In Utica, Charles A. Talcott, Dem., defeated Millington, vice-president Sherman's nominee for congress, by 3,768.

WHAT STIMSON SAYS.

New York, Nov. 8.—Henry L. Stimson attributes his defeat to causes nation-wide and a general movement of the Republican party toward progressiveism.

"There seemed to be a ground swell all over the country," he said tonight, "and I was caught in it. I think it's only the beginning. We're beginning to have a re-alignment of political parties, and the Republican party is going through the agony of becoming progressive. The returns speak for themselves. I have nothing to regret. We've had a good clean fight. I was surprised that I ran so well up with the rest of the ticket."

Mr. Stimson first conceded his defeat at 8 o'clock this evening. An hour and a half later he sent a telegram to John A. Dix, congratulating him on his election.

DIX STAYS AT HOME AND GETS GOOD NEWS

Thomson, N. Y., Nov. 8.—John A. Dix first learned of the favorable way the election returns were running shortly after 8 o'clock tonight at "Pine Needles" the Dix homestead here. He had been working all the evening and was not disturbed. He was greeted by a jubilant party of friends when he entered the billiard room where the election returns were taken after they had been received over special telephone and telegraph wires at a bungalow at the rear of the house. Red fire was burned all about the place.

TENER LIKELY ELECTED

Pennsylvania Result, However, Is in Doubt.

Philadelphia, Nov. 8.—At midnight there are conflicting claims as to the result of the election for governor and other state officers.

The plurality for John K. Tener, Republican, for governor, over William H. Berry, the candidate of the Independents using the title of Keystone party, runs far below the expectations of the Republican leaders and gives renewed hope to the Independents.

From the country districts returns are meagre, but they show a vote running close to the claims of the Berry leaders, and they are claiming the election of their candidate.

United States Senator Penrose, the Republican leader of the state, claims the election of Tener by 75,000 to 100,000.

At midnight, the North American, which has given strong support to Berry, announced its belief that Berry has been triumphant at the polls.

By reason of a fight in the textile district of Philadelphia in which the congressional ticket became involved, Congressman William W. Foulkerod went down to defeat. Michael Donohue, the Democrat who defeated Foulkerod, had 2,000 majority.

CLOSE IN DES MOINES.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 8.—The first Iowa returns received were from the fifth precinct of the third ward of this city. They give Carroll (R) for governor 127 and Porter, his Democratic opponent, 132. Two years ago this precinct gave Carroll 280 against 128 for White.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 7245 Bank building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

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GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 833 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 7.—(Wall Street)—The ing dealing in stocks today were light and changes generally small, especially in the active stocks. Gains were largely in the ity, but there was a fair sprinkling of decl Union Pacific, Atlantic Coast Line, Sout Railway preferred, Kansas City Southern Cleveland, C. C. & St. Louis rose 1, and L ville & Nashville and Sloss-Sheffield Steel fractions. Virginia-Caroline Chemical and A ican Agricultural Chemical declined fractions.

Profit taking cancelled most of the ris Union Pacific and this induced sales of stocks. Some of the le aders sagged to Saturday's closing. Fresh bidding for Pacific started another general advance and Pacific got up 1¾, Reading, Kansas City ern preferred, National Lead and Bethl Steel 1 and Texas & Pacific Land Trust 2 po Steady selling of the fertilizer stocks materlyled to renewed pressure against the stocks, particularly Reading, which went to 153⅝, compared with 155¼, its early price. American Agricultural Chemical and ginia-Carolina Chemical gave way 2¼. Ame Hide and Leather preferred 2⅜. Minnesota St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie 2½. Internat Harvester 1½, and American Linseed pref 1. Southern Railway advanced 2 points, the preferred.

Speculative interest centered in Union cific, but that stock reacted a point and eral list failed to respond to its advance. lowance of southeastern freight advance interstate commerce commission sustained southern railway group. The firm money ket held the stock operations in restraint. tional declines were shown by important noon. Bonds were irregular.

New York Stocks.

New York, Nov. 7, 19

Quotations corrected daily by Secor & Gardner building:

Stocks	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
Aty. Coast Line	119½	119½	118¾	
Am. Loco. com.	40½	40¾	40	
Am Sg Rfg. Co.	119	119	119	
Atchison	104⅝	104¾	104¼	
Am. Car and F. Co.	55⅝	55¾	55¾	
Amal. Copper	71¼	71½	70¾	
Am. Smelters	82⅝	82¾	81⅝	
Am. Woolen Co.	33¾	34⅝	33⅝	
Am. Linseed Pfd.	32	32	32	
Am. Tel. and Tel.	142⅝	142¾	142¼	
Am. Cotton Oil	67	67	66	
Am. Beet Sugar	38½	38½	38	
Balt. and Ohio	109	109	108½	
B'lyn. R. Trans.	77⅞	78⅜	77⅜	
Beth Steel com.	32¼	33¼	32¼	
Chicago and G. W.	24	24	24	
Canadian Pac.	198	198¼	198	
Clover Leaf	27⅝	27⅞	27⅝	
Colorado Fuel	54⅞	55	54⅞	
Ches. and Ohio	84⅝	84½	83⅝	
Central Leather	35¼	35½	35¼	
Consolidated Gas	137¼	137⅝	136⅝	
Can pfd.	76¼	76½	76¼	
Del. & Hudson	169½	170	169½	
Distillers Sec.	33½	34	33½	
Erie com.	30¼	30¾	30	
Erie 1st pfd.	49⅝	49¾	49	
Gt. Northern pfd.	128	128¼	127¼	
Interborough com.	22¾	22½	22½	
Interborough pfd.	58¾	59	58½	
K. C. Sou. com.	33½	33¾	33¼	
Louis. & Nash.	146¾	147	146½	
Laclede Gas	105½	105⅝	105¼	
Missouri Pacific	54¼	54½	53⅝	
M. S. M. com.	137½	137½	135¾	
M. K. & T. com.	34½	34¾	34¼	
Nor. Pacific	119	119¼	119	
Nat'l Lead	60⅝	60¾	60¼	
Northwestern	140	140	138	
North Am. Co.	66	66	66	
N. Y. Central	116¼	116½	115¾	
N. & W. com.	100	100	100	
N. & W. Con. 4's	100¼	100¼	100	
Ont. & Western	42¾	43	42¾	
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	34¼	34½	33¾	
Penn. Ry.	130⅝	130⅞	130⅝	
People's Gas Co.	107½	107½	107¼	
Reading com.	164½	165¼	163¾	
Rock Island	24	24	23⅞	
Rep. I. & S. Co.	35⅜	36	35½	
Rep. pfd.	90½	90½	90¼	
Ry Steel Springs	36	36	36	
Reading 1st	97	97¼	96¾	
South. Ry. pfd.	64	64	62¾	
St Paul	126¼	126⅝	125¾	
South. Pacific	119½	120	119¾	
So. Pac. Con. 4's	88⅜	88⅜	88⅜	
Sloss-Shef. com.	92¼	92¼	92¼	
Tenn. Copper	38	38¼	37¾	
Union Pacific	176½	177¼	176	
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	105¾	105¾	105¾	
U. S. Steel	81¼	81⅝	80⅞	
U. S. Steel pfd.	118½	118½	118	
U. S. Steel 5's	104	104	103⅞	
U. S. Rubber com.	36½	36½	36¼	
Utah Copper	50⅝	51	50⅝	
Virginia Chem.	64	64	62¾	
Western Md.	48	48	47	
Wabash com.	18¼	18¼	17¾	
Wabash pfd.	38¼	38¾	38	

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. p 32c; solid pack, 31c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; butter, prime, 25@26c; packing stock, 21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16¼@17c; York state, 18c; brick, 17@18c; limburger, @10c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 27c; candled, 29c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.10; grown, 100 lbs., $1.35; white, bu., 85c.

Celery—Michigan, 15@30c.

Lettuce—2c; head, home-grown, bu., $1.

Endive—Dozen, 30c.

Spinach—40c.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $1.25.

Wax Beans—Southern, hamper, $1.25.

Egg Plant—Dozen, 50@75c.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., ¾c.

Potatoes—Fancy eastern, $1.65 sack or bu.; Michigan, 50@55c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, bbl., $1.65@

Jersey, bbl., $2.75@3.00.

Turnips—Bu., 30@40c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., 75c; red, $1.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.00.

Beets—Bu. 50c.

Radishes—10c doz.; Parsley, dozen bun 12½c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.00.

Cranberries—Oak bor, $2.00, bbl., $5.50;

Cod, bbl., $6.25; late Howes, bbl., $7.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.50.

Apples—75c@$1.25 bu.; bbl., $2.50@

Northwest fancy, box, $2.75@4.00.

Lemons—California, $7.50.

Limes—$1.25 a hundred.

Oranges—Valencia, $6.00; Florida, $3.00@

Grape Fruit—Box, $4.50.

Pears—Kiefer, bu., 65@80c.

Grapes—Catawba, peck basket, 50c; Alme bbl $4.50@6.00.

Figs—Pound, 18c.

Dates—Fard, 12c; Khad, bulk